

The Improvement ERA

JUNE, 1934
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THE COVER—COLUMBINES

By DR. WALTER P. COTTAM,
Botanist, U. of U.

Dr. Cottam took the photographs used as cover this month.



FLOWERS are intensely human. Some seem to glorify a hidden charm and like the bashful retiring maid—are "born to blush unseen." Others advertise their beauty and display their subtle graces with marked cleverness. In a popularity contest where sheer attractiveness decides the ballot, the columbine, perhaps, would be judged the best known princess in flowerdom.

The columbine, regardless of its family ties (for it is sister to the lowly buttercup)—never stoops to mediocrity. Few flowers in nature can boast of such unusual form, and no family of floral gems can surpass the columbine in its variety of spectral tints.

Columbines are always "dressed up," and like John Burroughs' catbird, a spectator is always implied. Did you ever see this fairy of the woods when it did not seem to be dancing to some ethereal orchestra too delicate for mortal ears to hear—but always dancing!

Suspended at the apex of slender, leafy stems, columbines find a symphony of movement in every mountain breeze.

Columbines could, because of their great popularity, be accused of being a bit coquettish, but their attractiveness is genuine. No humming bird fails to find his sunken well of sweets in the spurred nectaries which hang gracefully from each of the five delicate petals, and few bumble-bees or lesser insect brothers visit these fountains unrefreshed.

Columbines are native only to North Temperate regions, and in America alone are about 20 species. In humid sections of our country they are brilliant denizens of shady woods, but in our mountainous West, they dance in the sunshine of every Alpine meadow.

Each section of our country is not without its favorite columbine. In eastern U. S. and Canada, red is the order—in the Northwest, scarlet—in the Southwest, yellow—and in the central Rockies, blue and white. Utah has all these forms but the Colorado State Flower *Aquilegia caerulea* is our most striking species.

Columbines lend themselves without trouble to cultivation and since they hybridize with unusual ease, many varieties decorate our gardens.

Only thoughtless or inexperienced mountain climbers ever pick columbines, for no flower can lose more of its charm when removed from its natural haunts. Mere moments after it is severed from its delicate stem the columbine is but a withered mockery of its former loveliness.

For him who loves to climb our western Sinais, columbines are like living jewels in the Temple. Pray leave them there!

What the Immediate Coming Numbers Will Bring

Articles:

"Greatness in Men—Charles H. Callis"—another of those interesting portraits of our leaders by President Bryant S. Hinckley.

"International Conventions—the Why and the How—" A close up of three dramatic moments in the recent International Convention in Paraguay, by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

"When Rags Were Precious"—an interesting account of the problems which confronted the pioneer paper makers, by Rachel Grant Taylor.

"The Kingdom of God," by Judge Nephi Jenson, an enlightening discussion of this intriguing subject.

"Birds of the Bible." "Flags of the Confederacy," "Glasses, What Do They Mean," etc.

Fiction:

"Black Magic," a pioneer story that will touch the heart, by Will Dobson.

"One Saturday," an adorable picture of pioneer childhood, by Edna Wells Sloan.

"Turquoise Taffeta," by Alice Lee Eddy.

Poetry:

"Our Inland Sea," and many other unusually fine poems.

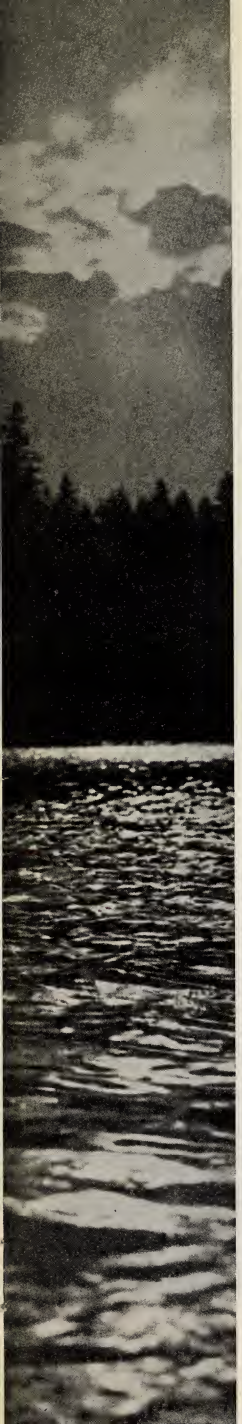
New Writers Department:

This section will contain stories and poems by those whose work has not before been in print.

You May Know Your Background and Catch a Glimpse of the Future by Reading

The Improvement Era

50 North Main Street
Salt Lake City, Utah



THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Heber J. Grant, *Editor*

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

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Photo by Eva Hogan



"THE SENTINEL"—BY JACK SEARS

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCES



PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR., A DELEGATE FROM THE UNITED STATES

The Why and the How

By PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

What is the procedure at an International Conference? How are the delegates seated? Who calls on whom and when? Who holds the disciplinary power? What language is used? How long and how often may a delegate speak? These are but few of the many challenging questions answered in this intensely interesting article by one who represented the United States at the Conference.

PART II

IN our first article we traced the history—told *the why*—of the first international conference and so far as possible we reconstructed the conference showing *the how*—the machinery of its organization and working. The same essentials of *the why*—an international situation to adjust, or it may be to avoid—and of *the how*—the mechanics of the operation of the conference—have come down to us today.

Speaking in general terms, the international conferences held prior to the last century were chiefly for the adjustment of situations resulting from war. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that prior to this last century the normal contact and interrelations of nations, as such, were normally in the abnormalities of war. Peace time contacts were in good part confined to plottings and intrigues regarding matters that led to war, or mitigating or eliminating the results of war, or occasionally planning to avoid it.

The measures affecting international commerce were usually taken as incidents of war (British Orders in Council and the Napoleonic-Berlin Decrees during the Napoleonic wars are instances), or else were established to safeguard purely domestic commerce, as for example, the British laws enacted to protect its colonial trade prior to the Revolutionary War. Nations almost never sought to work out as a group, and to their mutual advantage, any economic or commercial problem by a joint amicable arrangement. However, there were some bilateral agreements dealing with reciprocal trade advantages, but these frequently affected only contraband of war, and so were to become operative only in case of war.

So Abram's conference was the normal type for almost four thousand years. *The why* of such conferences was in essence *the why* of the conference which four thousand years ago met in "the valley of Shaveh, which is the king's dale,"

ON THE STEPS OF THE LEGISLATIVE PALACE, MONTEVIDEO, DEC. 3, 1933. PRESIDENT CLARK IS AT THE RIGHT
Photo Servicio Oficial, Montevideo.





IN THE SECRETARY'S OFFICE IN A LEADING HOTEL, PRESIDENT CLARK FOURTH FROM LEFT

Photo Servico Fotocinematografico Oficial, Montevideo, Uruguay.

with Abram and Melchizedek as the dominating figures—the "great powers" of the conference.

But *the how* of such conferences —the manner in which they are organized and work—may have the most of interest at this time, and since the Seventh International Conference of American States ("VII Pan American Conference") is the most recent general conference held, and since the writer was privileged to see its operations "back stage" as it were, some general description of *the how* of that Conference may be interesting.

As to *the why* of the Conference, it may be initially said that it was a purely peace-time Conference, called for the consideration of matters dealing with and affecting the international contacts and intercourse of peace, to the mutual advantage of all, and to discuss and to treat of means and methods of avoiding war, so preserving peace.

THE Conference was convened by the governing board of the Pan American Union, the Union being an organization of all the republics of this hemisphere, with its seat in Washington at the Pan American building. The governing board of this Pan American Union is made up of the Secretary of State of the United States and of the diplomatic representatives of each of the American republics accredited to our government in Washington. When all governments are represented in Washington, there are as many members as there are republics on this hemisphere—that is, twenty-two. It has been the custom heretofore to elect the Secretary of State of the United States as the presiding officer of the governing board, as a matter of graceful courtesy.

The Pan American Union has a Director—Dr. L. J. Rowe—who has charge of the various functions performed by the Union.

Among the other things which the governing board of the Union does is the drawing of the program—the *Agenda* as it is termed —for the Pan American Conference. Subjects are included therein, or, sometimes, excluded therefrom, at the suggestion of one or more of the representatives of the various countries forming the Union, such representatives making the suggestion (it is always assumed) at the direction of their governments.

The *Agenda* for the last Conference is inserted here that the nature and scope of the work the VII Conference was supposed to do may be known.

PROGRAM OF THE SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF AMERICAN STATES

CHAPTER I

ORGANIZATION OF PEACE

1. Methods for the prevention and pacific settlement of inter-American conflicts.

2. (a) Inter-American Commissions of Conciliation. (b) Report of the Permanent Commission of Conciliation of Washington on its activities.

3. Declaration of August 3, 1932.

4. Anti-War Pacts—Argentine Plan.

5. Consideration of a plan to secure the prompt ratification of the General Treaty of Inter-American Arbitration and of the General Convention of Inter-American Conciliation of January 5, 1929, and in general to secure the prompt ratification of treaties and conventions and the early application of the resolutions adopted at the International Conferences of American States.

CHAPTER II

PROBLEMS OF INTERNATIONAL LAW

6. Method of the progressive codification of international law, and consideration of topics susceptible of codification such as:

(a) The Rights and Duties of States.
(b) Treaties and their interpretation.
(c) International responsibility of States, with special reference to the Denial of Justice.
(d) Definition, Duration and Reciprocity of Political Asylum.
(e) Extradition.
(f) Nationality.
(g) Territorial Sea.

7. Report of the Permanent Committee on Public International Law of Rio de Janeiro on the general principles which may facilitate regional agreements between adjacent states on the industrial and agricultural use of the waters of international rivers, and reports of the said Committee and of the Permanent Committee on Private International Law of Montevideo on the matters provided for in the Resolution of the Sixth International Conference of American States of February 18, 1928.

CHAPTER III

POLITICAL AND CIVIL RIGHTS OF WOMEN

8. Report of the Inter-American Commission of Women on the political and civil equality of women.

CHAPTER IV

ECONOMIC AND FINANCIAL PROBLEMS

9. Consideration of the recommendations of the Fourth Pan American Commercial Conference relative to:

(a) Customs Duties.
(b) Currency stabilization and the possibility of adopting a uniform monetary system.
(c) Commercial Arbitration.
(d) Promotion of Tourist Travel.

10. Import Quotas.

11. Import prohibitions.

12. Collective commercial treaties.

13. Report on the resolutions of the Inter-American Conference on Agriculture.

14. Report on the establishment of an Inter-American economic and financial organization under the auspices of the Pan American Union.

15. The Inter-American protection of Patents of Invention.

16. Consideration of the draft convention on Customs Procedure and Port Formalities formulated by the Pan American Commission on Customs Procedure and Port Formalities which met at Washington from November 18 to 26, 1929.

17. Consideration of projects of uniform legislation relative to such topics as:

(a) Bills of Exchange, Checks and other Commercial Paper.

(b) Bills of Lading.

(c) Insurance.

(d) Simplification and standardization of the requirements for Powers of Attorney.

(e) Juridicial personality of foreign companies.

(f) The losses caused by theft and pilferage of cargo in maritime commerce.

(g) Any other draft conventions on uniform legislation relative to commercial and maritime law that may be formulated by the Permanent Committee on Comparative Legislation and Uniformity of Legislation established at Havana by virtue of the resolution of February 18, 1928, of the Sixth Conference.

CHAPTER V

SOCIAL PROBLEMS

18. Consideration of the establishment of an Inter-American Bureau of Labor, which will include in its program the following:

(a) Improvement of the condition of living of workmen:

(1) Promotion of safety in industry.

(2) Improved housing conditions.

(b) Social Insurance: Unemployment and practical forms of unemployment insurance.

(c) Uniformity of demographic statistics.

19. Results of national and international conferences on child welfare, with a view to broadening the work of the inter-American Institute at Montevideo.

20. Application to foodstuffs and pharmaceutical products exported to other American countries, of the same sanitary, pure food and drug regulations which are in effect in the country of production on all those commodities consumed therein.

CHAPTER VI

INTELLECTUAL COOPERATION

21. Inter-American copyright protection, and the possibility of reconciling the Havana and Rome conventions.

22. American Bibliography:

(a) Exchange of information.

(b) Encouraging national and continental bibliographic effort.

23. Report on the results of the Congress of Rectors, Deans, and Educators, which met at Havana in February, 1930.

24. International cooperation to make effective respect for and conservation of the national domain over historical monuments and archeological remains.

CHAPTER VII

TRANSPORTATION

25. Inter-American fluvial navigation: Reports of the Governments on technical studies relative to the navigation of rivers and the elimination of obstacles to navigation, and the possibility of connecting or bettering the connections which exist between them.

26. Report of the Pan American Railway Committee.

27. Study of the penal provisions and of the regulations of the Convention on Commercial Aviation signed at the Sixth International Conference of American States.

CHAPTER VIII

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCES OF AMERICAN STATES

28. Results of the International Conferences of American States.

(a) Reports submitted by the delegations on the action taken by the States on the conventions and resolutions adopted at the Pan American Conferences, with special reference to the Sixth Conference.

(b) Results, not specifically included in other sections of this program, of the special conferences held in the interval between the Sixth and Seventh International Conferences of American States and of the permanent institutions established by the International Conferences.

29. Convocation, Participation, and meeting of future conferences, and adhesion of non-signatory states.

(a) Consideration of the extraordinary convocation of the International Conferences of American States.

(b) Participation in the Pan American Conferences, and the adhesion of non-signatory states to the conventions signed at such Conferences.

(c) Future International Conferences of American States.

IT may be here observed that in less than four weeks time, the VII Pan American Conference con-

(*Continued on Page* 372)



ALBERTO MANE, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS OF URUGUAY AND PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE, SPEAKING AT FIRST PLENARY SESSION

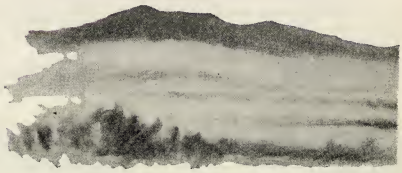


OUT

By

DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON

To all who love a hard, silent, steady He-Man and a steady, but tender, She-Woman equally strong—both of whom could take it.



VIRGINIA'S gaze swept the heat-blistered hills. On a north slope following his plow, her husband trudged back and forth, back and forth. Since the first peep of day, he had been doing just that. Regularly, huge spirals of dust, rising from the plow, hid him from view until a fitful breeze caught and flung them, streamer-like, away. Dock and thistle, venturing to the very edge of the plowed ground, were dull with a coating of that grey-brown dust. Nowhere was there a patch of color, or an inch of shade. Heat and dust hung perniciously over the earth.

A helpless rage burned at her vitals. So much was wrong, so little could be done about it. These avoidless elements were fiendish taskmasters, foes one couldn't fight. Once within their pitiless grasp, you seared and withered as surely as the dusty weeds by the roadside. Heat and dust! Was there a spot in all the world denude of their almightiness? Cool shade, green lawns, banks of colorful flowers, were but figments of a fevered mind; so were spacious homes and husbands who were fair.

"Bum cook! Is that so,—"

She turned to fling a square of mosquito netting over her sleeping babe. For a moment she watched him. Sweet and clean now, soon he'd be tumbling about in the dust outside, unless—

She turned restlessly to the door again. It was unusually hot for this early and not a cloud in sight.

THE WONDER WAS THAT MEN WOULD DO THE SAME THING OVER YEAR AFTER YEAR. THIS WEEK WOULD TELL THE TALE, THEN JIM WOULD COME IN, DUSTY AND GRIM, AND SILENT WITH UNACKNOWLEDGED DEFEAT. THEN FOR ANOTHER YEAR THEY WOULD EAT THE CRUMBS OF LUCK.

of the DUST

ILLUSTRATED BY FIELDING K. SMITH

She no longer wondered why it couldn't storm; nor watched until her eyes ached for signs of rain. There just wasn't any moisture left in the universe. The wonder was that men would do the same thing over year after year. This week would tell the tale, then Jim would come in, dusty and grim, and silent with unacknowledged defeat. Then for another year they would eat the crumbs of luck. For another year she would watch the valley road in mingled fear and anticipation; anxious to see loved ones, to visit, to relieve the cankering loneliness; yet fearful of their freshness, their fine cars, and most of all their not-too-veiled pity. They had all foreseen her future so clearly!

At first it hadn't mattered, for she had been happy with love and full of faith; now she knew the whole scheme was without reason. Dry farming was a thing of the past. Everyone knew and acknowledged it. Everyone except Jim and his kind. They strode stubbornly on. Stubbornly they disked and plowed and harrowed and seeded. Stubbornly, they refused to be routed by heat or drought. Tenaciously they did the same thing dry summer after dry summer; sometimes getting back their seed, sometimes not; but always becoming a little more glum, a little more determined.

She could be determined, too, and this was an occasion. Twenty-six tomorrow, and nothing ahead but more years of dust and silence. It was one thing to stay by a man through worse, but quite another to wallow hopelessly in it with him year after year. Your reward, she reflected bitterly, was criticism for not wallowing in the proper manner. Bum cook, was she? Belly-aching for something to do with, huh? Well, she'd turn the job over to him for a while, and see what miracles he'd perform with potatoes and eggs. Her anger was bittered by defeat. Oh, she'd heard it all before, of course, but this morning had been the last straw. Human endurance had reached its limit.

FROM the pocket of her apron she took a letter. Jed Butler had left it on his way past. It was from Dora, who lived in California. Virginia read it again and her cheeks flushed. Luck had played into her hands. There was nothing Dora wanted quite so much as to take her out of this. Then, if Jim wanted to follow her to the valley, all right. If he didn't, well, that would be all right, too.

A heavier spiral of dust away to the north caught her eye. Her breath came quickly.

It was—it was a car. Watching until there was no longer any doubt, she rushed to the cupboard, its empty shelves sent a quiver of hysteria through her. What would she cook—what would she cook? There was nothing except spuds and—yes, there was the bacon. She opened a rolled paper and set her lips hard to keep from screaming. The last time she had been in the valley, Mother had slipped it among her things. It had been a huge slab then; and she'd used it, the Lord alone knew how sparingly. There were two slices left. It had been such a help in dressing up their tasteless meals. She had craved meat, too, but she had closed her senses to its delicious, appetizing odor and left it for him, and here, just as it was gone, was Dora. Dora, who loved her meals and hated barren hills and stubborn men and hot, dusty poverty.

The car honked. Virginia slammed the cupboard door and rushed out into the arms of her sister. For one long minute she was held in that cool unbelievably clean smelling embrace, then—.



"Darling," as she wiped her eyes. "You are so thin—and brown."

Dora would.

Without answering, Virginia led the way into the shack. Into the one room with its shining black stove, its old-fashioned safe with perforated tin doors, its rough uncovered floor and in the far corner its cheap iron bed. To it, they stepped carefully. On the clean colored spread—Jim kicked about the water, but she would wash—lay a baby boy. His light silky curls were damp with the heat and lay in a halo about his dimpled, sunburned face.

"Why didn't Mother come?" Virginia asked later as they sat on the edge of the bed.

"It's so hot and dusty riding, besides," she paused and added slowly, "I want to take you back with me. You will go, won't you?"

Of course she'd go, she had

packed her suitcase this morning, but—

"It's too awful," Dora was continuing, "to think of spending another year in this?" Her gesture took in the bare room, the treeless slopes. "It will be but a repetition of last year and the year before and the year before that."

"But Jim?"

Dora's mouth set in a line that was familiar. She leaned close and with one smooth finger traced the line of the other's chin.

"Here's your trouble, darling. You aren't positive enough. You need *me* to settle it. If you can't see what you are doing to yourself, think of us. It's breaking our hearts. We can't enjoy our pleasures for thinking of you. Come home with me. I'll take care of Baby while you work—the Precious."

HER voice dropped suddenly to a soft caressing note with a touch of heartbreak. Virginia's remembered barrenness was the one irreconcilable frustration of Dora's otherwise dominant life. She crushed her Touslehead to her and kissed the top of his silky head.

Dora said: "You've never been to California. It's heavenly. Shade and grass and flowers—such gorgeous ones. There's the beach, too. There is no doubt about work. I've seen to that. Come with me now and by fall you'll be yourself again—my beautiful baby sister. I'd love to dress you, to show you life. There is a man in Ed's office I'm dying for you to meet.

Virginia's heart raced hard. Clothes, men, velvety lawns, even ice. How satisfying it would be. Of course she was going, but—

Dora consulted her watch. "It's eleven-thirty. Can you be ready by one? Where are your clothes? May I start packing?"

"Take Baby." Eleven-thirty. Virginia flew to the stove. When the fire was kindled, she again faced the cupboard. Throw something together—she was glad they had forgotten the time. It would be a good excuse. There was a little sour cream, she'd make biscuits with it; thank goodness, there was still a little honey in the pitcher. Fry a few spuds to satisfy Jim, but what else?

She dashed to the hen house. Luckily there were always eggs. She'd make an omelet if she could find a few onion tops. Against the fence was a stand of multipliers. Their color was undecided, but at least they would give savor to the everlasting eggs. The sight of one nauseated her. What was it Jim had said this morning? You had to eat eggs when you batched, but with a woman around a man was entitled to a meal. Eat them or leave them, she'd cook them once more. After that it would be up to him.

Across the field she could see him headed homeward, following the horses through the loose dirt. The wind was hot against her face as she ran back to the house, but the house was hotter still. That was the trouble with sagebrush. It made such a hot fire while it lasted. Going to the cupboard she saw the bacon. Browned and crisp, those two slices would add the needed touch to Dora's dinner—lunch. She hesitated. Jim did need a little meat when he worked so hard. But Dora—she knew too much now. Still if she cooked them, Jim would probably eat both pieces as his right. If he did—she'd be gone anyway when he came in at night, so why worry?

By the time dinner was ready, Jim came in, grizzly with unshaven beard and fine dust. Across his shoulders and along the arms of his blue shirt, perspiration and dust had marked the outline of his muscles. He greeted Dora matter-of-factly, asking questions loudly while he washed in a pitifully small amount of water. He then tied Baby in his high chair with a used towel, and moved it beside his own chair.

Virginia snatched the basin that held his wash water and dashing outside, poured it carefully into a shallow earth basin, where a sapling and a few green shoots were struggling for existence. There was no reason to it. She wouldn't see the flowers if they bloomed, neither would the embryo tree shade baby's bed as she had planned; but there was no reason to waste water either.

She hastened then to put the food on the table. Biscuits carefully browned; omelet savory and light; fried potatoes; and the bacon. She had cooked it so carefully lest it shrink beyond recognition.

"Some youngster we got here, huh," Jim demanded, beginning to eat hurriedly and with gusto.

"He's perfect." Dora breathed her adoration. "But what a pity to keep him here. No shade, no water except in barrels and that terrible stove. I'd be afraid to risk it. You oughtn't to take chances—"

"We'll tend to him," the man answered shortly, his face settling

(*Continued on Page* 349)

The Frontispiece

"THE SENTINEL," an oil painting by Jack Sears, the well known illustrator, is used as frontispiece this month. This early morning scene was painted not many miles from Salt Lake City—a beautiful quaking aspen with the Wasatch Mountains in the background. It might be said to be a symphony in blue, as Mr. Sears has used shades of blue with telling effect.

The scene is decorative in composition, reminiscent of some of the best Japanese art. One critic said of the painting, "This beautiful quaking aspen painting has the deft lightness of a Japanese masterpiece, and is a study of eery loveliness and luxurious peacefulness."

Jack Sears has made thousands of sketches. His interests and movements could be traced by looking through 20,000 sketches he is now cataloguing. He believes that an artist is the sum total of his sketches and that to keep fit an artist must sketch, sketch, sketch daily.

He first studied art in Salt Lake, the city of his birth, with J. T. Harwood, one of whose paintings has already been run in this series. This work was done along with three other now famous artists—A. B. Wright, Lee Greene Richards, and Mahonri Young. "The master Harwood thrilled me with deep appreciation for trees and all nature," said Mr. Sears recently.

Later he went to San Francisco and studied drawing under George B. Matthews and William Keith. From San Francisco he went to New York, where he studied under Douglas Volk, George De Forest Brush, and William M. Chase. Later he studied with Robert Henri.

Mr. Sears spent fourteen years in New York City working for leading publications including three years with The Morning Telegraph. During this period he attended sporting and theatrical events with writers, many of whom are the leaders in the nation today, and cartooned for them. During this period he sketched hundreds of famous people. He has contributed art to "Life," "Puck," "Harper's," "Literary Digest," and other magazines.

He was given a personal invitation by Elbert Hubbard to visit the home of the Roycrofters. While there he made many sketches of Mr. Hubbard and did other work for the philosopher.

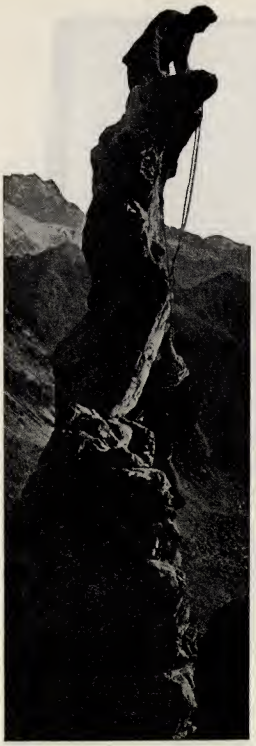
Jack Sears, though best known for his pen and ink sketches, uses oils, water colors, pastels, colored crayons, and clay. He has made comic strips for newspapers, illustrated books, and has created the drawings for one animated cartoon.

Mr. Sears is at present in Salt Lake City where he has a studio and where work on his animated cartoon was done. One of his most recent elaborate pieces of illustration was that done in connection with the book, "Thunder Cave."



ON June 27, 1844, Patriarch Hyrum Smith, the man who turned down the corner of this page pictured here and who owned the book, together with his brother, President Joseph Smith, was slain in Carthage Jail. The signatures shown in the little book ought to be of interest to hundreds of people. Nine of those who left their testimony by means of their signatures are now dead.

Perils and Pleasures of



THE GENDARME

One of the tricks of rock climbing is to throw the rope over some projection above and scale the mountain by going up the face of the rock hand over hand.

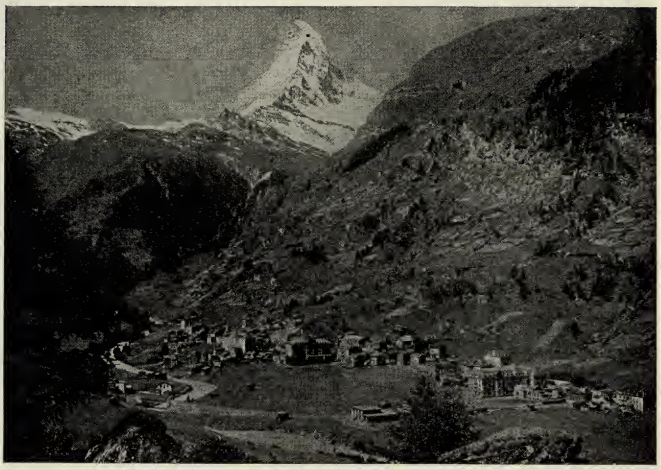
Summer is mountain climbing time. This story of the conquest of the mighty Matterhorn, 15,000 feet high, shortens the breath a bit as it reveals what mountain climbers will do in order to succeed. The story is a proper successor to that told by Oswald Christensen in "The Improvement Era" last year, of the conquest of the Grand Teton, America's Matterhorn.

THE mountains call, and man responds. They speak of freedom, of adventure, of perils conquered, of a goal that is won. The heaven-pointing peaks are beacons that lead upward. The Swiss boy tending to his herd in the peaceful valley lifts his eyes to the peaks that hem his daily haunts and secretly plans for the day when he will follow the mountain paths with steady stride until the topmost summit is gained and victory is achieved.

Through the Dark Ages men looked on the lofty peaks with awe and superstitious dread. They peopled the heights with strange spirits, wicked demons, fabulous monsters that were sure to pounce upon all who were foolhardy enough to venture within their wind-swept realm. As a result, our early ancestors clung close to mother earth. No Alpine heights for them.

In this twentieth-century world of ours, perhaps a million men and women are drawn from their homes every year by the lure of the mountains and spend many days with the sole purpose of climbing up and up and up. Excelsior! That is their watchword. They are upward-looking.

Of the great Alpine peaks, the



ZERMATT AND THE MATTERHORN

In the dim ages of the past, mighty forces hewed the giant mountains. Today they are little changed by the hand of man.

By
GEORGE F. PAUL

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

THE MATTERHORN—15,000 FEET—A TUSK-LIKE PROJECTION INTO THE SKY



last to be conquered was the Matterhorn. More than fifty years after Mont Blanc had been scaled, this precipitous peak still baffled every attempt directed at it. From every point of approach the bold profile of the Matterhorn is wonderfully impressed on the mind. It rises to a sheer height of 15,000 feet. Massive glaciers guard its base. From them it shoots up into the heavens almost like an arrow. Some of its precipices are almost perpendicular; others actually overhang. These rocky walls have baffled many a climber who has conquered less difficult peaks. Experienced mountaineers make a study of the exact angles of the different faces of a mountain and debate thoroughly the best methods of approach. They do not expect to lay a permanent track like a railway engineer, but they do want to plan one that will be safe.

THE first attempt to climb the Matterhorn was made in 1858. A well-organized party succeeded in reaching a height of 12,662 feet. The next year a party of Englishmen tried the ascent without the help of mountain guides. They chose to attack the famous eastern slope, the least promising of all because of the smooth cliffs. They tried to reach the summit in a single day without spending a night in the open. All went well until the ascending angle became too steep for them. They struck a zig-zag course up the face of the mountain and succeeded in reaching an altitude of 13,000 feet. But here thick clouds baffled them, high winds threatened to hurl them from the rocky ledges, and night was creeping on. They had to forsake their bold venture and hurry for shelter below.

It was in the summer of 1861 that Edward Whymper made ready for the attempt. He had shown himself a daring climber on other dangerous peaks. Now was to come the supreme test. The members of this expedition slept the first night in the highest cowshed on the mountain side. Early morning saw them well under way. A yawning crevasse called for a wide detour, yet on the whole they made good progress during the day and finally pitched their tent for the night on the mountain side.

A bitterly cold night followed. About midnight they were thunderstruck by a terrifying explosion that was followed by a deathlike silence. "Nous sommes perdus!" (we are lost) shouted the guide as he wrung his hands in mortal terror. The giant avalanche went shooting down the mountain side only a few rods away. Now that this peril had been averted as if by a miracle, all gave a devout prayer of thanks. At daybreak they pressed on upward.

We may gain an idea of the steepness of the mountain side and the depth of the abysses from the fact that when a bottle was thrown overside, the crash far below was not heard for more than ten seconds. Whymper was one of the first to describe the mountain echoes of these great heights. "We shouted," he writes, "to awaken the echoes of the cliffs. Ah, there was no answer. No, not yet. Wait a while. Everything here is upon a superlative scale. Count twelve, and then the echoes will return from the mountains miles away in waves of pure and undefiled sound, soft, musical and sweet."

WHYMPER reached the highest point that had yet been attained, and then made a supreme effort to climb a "chimney" of the Matterhorn. This is a slippery slab of stone, treacherously smooth.

(*Continued on Page* 378)



MOTHER'S HANDS

By Algie Herbert

Winner of First Prize in a Short Short Story Conducted Among College Students

SOFT shadows of evening were creeping across the campus as the girls arranged the last festive decorations for the Girls' Day banquet. Mary Allen came down from the step-ladder and surveyed the scene critically. "Well, girls, it does us credit. In other words, I think our visiting mothers will be delighted."

"Not so bad, I'd say, retorted Carol, "for our first time on the committee."

"I do hope Mother can come. I'm always so proud of her," said Joan as she slipped her arms into her coat.

"Your mother's wonderful," commented Mary. "She seems nearly as young as you are."

"Oh, Mother always takes such good care of herself; she does seem young, doesn't she?"

"Whew, it's late. I'll miss out on supper. Goodnight, girls. See you tomorrow," and she was gone.

Mary Allen walked slowly out of the empty building. Why wasn't she glad about Girls' Day? Surely she should be glad if her mother came. She would wear that black and white dress, probably. Well, that wasn't so bad. If Mother would only take a little better care of herself like Joan's mother. Mary's face burned. Mother wouldn't make much of a showing by the side of Joan's mother.

All through supper Mary was silent, and she was preparing for bed when Elsie said, "Anything the matter, Mary? You're not quite up to par."

"No, nothing, really—well, yes, there is too. Elsie, I wouldn't say this to anyone but you. But I really hope mother doesn't come for Girls' Day tomorrow."

"Why, Mary Allen, you can't mean what you're saying."

"I know it sounds mean and ungrateful, but I mean it. I just can't take Mother to the banquet even if she comes. You see, she dresses well enough, but it's her hands. She really never takes care of her hands. We are all so careful about such things, and look at Joan's mother. Her hands are as snowy and soft as a child's. The thought of mother at that banquet makes me shudder. I'm sure the girls would notice it."

"Well, you're different from me. I'm so lonesome I'd give anything to have my mother come. But the depression has us licked, so it's no use wishing." Elsie drew the covers around her as she spoke and, with a wide yawn and a sleepy "Good night," she turned off the light.

MARY lay staring into the darkness. Her conscience seemed to smite her a little. It was like being unfaithful to Mother, the thing she had said to Elsie. It was true though, every word of it. You would think Mother could take better care of her hands in these modern times. She hunched restlessly into the covers. She was tired. It had been a busy day, and tomorrow—.

Then suddenly she was staring wide-eyed into the darkness. Someone was sitting close by her bed. Why, it was mother. She was sewing busily on snowy white garments. Mary looked more closely. They were her own baby clothes. Tenderly her mother's young white hands smoothed each little fold very carefully. Her rosy tipped fingers turned each tiny seam.

Mary sat straight up in bed. Then slowly the girl-mother faded away and in her place stood another woman. No, it was mother again, grown older. Now she was washing those tiny clothes and ironing them. Her happy face was a little weary, and the soft white hands were red from the strong suds, and one finger was blistered a little from the hot iron. Steadily the scenes came and faded away while Mary watched wonderingly. Each time mother's face was a little more weary. Each time her hands were a little more rough. There she was, now cooking the breakfast, now mending that tear in a skirt, now her firm hand was helping someone up from a fall, now they patted a head for some trifle which had been done for her.

Then the room seemed flooded with moonlight, and on a bed lay a girl tossing with fever. Mary looked closer. It was herself. Tenderly Mother's hands were caressing her hot face. With untiring skill, they moved to answer her slightest wish. Mary stared dumbly at those fingers creased and careworn, rough and lined, blunt and broken finger nails, and large swollen knuckles. But she could feel them now as if by some prank of memory they were caressing her brow, cooling, soothing, loving hands laden with tender sympathy. Slowly Mother dropped to her knees by the white bed; then Mother's hands folded in prayer.

"Mother—." the word was one long drawn-out sob.

"Mary, Mary. What is it? Are you all right?" Elsie was shaking her shoulders. You frightened me."

Mary opened her eyes into the darkened room.

"Yes," she murmured, "Yes, I'm all right. I guess I was only dreaming."

She closed her eyes tightly, but two large tears rolled down her cheeks. Then, with trembling lips, she framed the words: "Oh, God, forgive my hasty words. I didn't understand. Help me to be worthy of my mother's hands."



WALTER JOHNSON IN THE WASHINGTON LIVERY WHICH HE WORE DURING HIS ENTIRE 20-YEAR TERM AS A PLAYER IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES.

Because Walter Johnson is among the two or three greatest heroes of baseball and because he once played baseball in our own territory—Weiser, Idaho—he was asked to write an article especially for "The Improvement Era" telling of his biggest thrill. Read this article and you will know that in Johnson's case, as in so many others, humility accompanies greatness.

MY BIGGEST THRILL IN BASEBALL

By

WALTER JOHNSON

Known everywhere as "Big Train," former pitcher for the Washington, D. C., Senators, now manager of the Cleveland Indians.

WHEN a fellow has had a whole lot of something at one time or another, it is a little hard to figure out which he considers the best. And so it is with baseball thrills. I've often been asked what I considered my biggest and, until the Fall of 1924, I really did not know.

I started with the Washington Club back in August, 1907, and got my first thrill when called on in a relief role for my major league debut. From then on, they came rather frequently. In mentioning some, I hope I will not appear to be boasting. The fact of the matter is that I had, I believe, one of the most wonderful arms in the world, so that any little success I have had in a baseball way has been due to that God-given gift, rather than to any particular amount of ability.

My baseball life has been an almost perfect one. Three times, I thought I was enjoying my biggest thrill when Washington fans had days in my honor, gave me presents and made me think I was the greatest fellow in the world. In 1920, I was fortunate enough to pitch a no-hit, no-run game against the Boston Red Sox and, here, too, I surely got a thrill.

My heart came up in my throat and I came near crying in the 1924 season when I was voted the most valuable player to my team in the American League and again in 1927 when, as part of a celebration of my 20th anniversary with the Washington Club, the League pre-



NEXT TO BASEBALL, JOHNSON'S GREATEST HOBBY IS HUNTING AND RAISING DOGS. HE IS SHOWN HERE WITH KOON KAN, A RACING WHIPPET OF WHICH HE IS MIGHTY PROUD.

sented me with the first "distinguished service medal" it had ever given.

I SEE by the record books, I am credited with a lot of high marks, such as 3,497 strikeouts, best earned run average for six different years, led the league in most games won six times, had a string of 16 consecutive victories, pitched 56 scoreless innings in a row, won 28 games, or more in three successive seasons, hold the shutout game record, and led the league in strikeouts for 12 years.

Naturally in making these records, I had my share of thrills but, as I said before, the "daddy of 'em all" came in 1924—in the seventh and deciding game of the world series against the New York Giants of the National League.

I had quite a thrill during the season in winning 20 games to help the Washington Club win its first American League pennant after years and years of trying. And the thought of finally getting into a world series after having been on a losing team for 17 years also gave me quite a kick.

But it was in the seventh game that I got what the cartoonist calls "The thrill that comes once in a lifetime." Just picture the setting in which I suddenly found myself. I had pitched the first game and lost it, 4-3, after 11 thrilling innings. With the teams tied, I got another chance in the fifth game and was beaten again, allowing the Giants five runs in the last few innings.

Tom Zachary won his third game of the series to put the Washington Club even at three games apiece and you can imagine how I felt being charged with two of the defeats and not even looking good in the fifth game.

I guess I must have looked mighty dejected sitting on the bench and in the locker room afterwards, for that night I was sitting home feeling mighty blue when Manager Bucky Harris called me on the phone.

"Don't worry," he said, "I've still got confidence in you and might need you in tomorrow's game. Go to bed early and be ready because, if I need you, I will need you badly."

This cheered me up considerably but I still felt that I had had my opportunity and "booted" it, as the players say. But the world's championship and considerable cash were at stake and, while I wasn't particularly optimistic, I got a good night's rest and actually prayed that I would get this chance to redeem myself.

I got it in the ninth inning with the score tied at 3-3. I had my troubles but also had some good luck and managed to hold the Giants in check. We scored a run in the twelfth, McNeely's famous bounder over Lindstrom's head—driving it in, after we had had two wonderful breaks of luck. First Catcher Gowdy had fallen over his mask, which caused him to miss an easy pop-foul off Muddy Ruel's bat and gave Ruel a chance to double and a minute or so later Jackson, Giant shortstop, fumbled my grounder.

When Ruel trotted home with the run that gave us the game and Washington its only world series—and gave me credit for the victory—that was the thrill which I will always remember as easily my greatest in more than 20 years of baseball play.

Who is Walter Johnson and Why?

WALTER JOHNSON was born at Humboldt, Kansas, Nov. 6, 1887. Started in baseball as pitcher for Fullerton High School team, California. Got his first pro contract with Tacoma of Northwestern League in 1906 at 18. Subsequently joined the Weiser, Idaho, semipros, and did considerable pitching in that section of the country for town and sectional teams at so much per game.

Joe Cantillon was managing the Washington Club and some friend in the vicinity of Weiser continually wrote urging that he sign Johnson. Catcher Cliff Blankenship was injured at the time and Cantillon finally decided to "shut up" his friend by having Blankenship take a look at this great phenom, having little confidence that Blankenship would recommend signing him.

Johnson, himself, evidently did not rate himself so highly for, before agreeing to come to Washington for a tryout, he insisted he be given not only a railroad ticket to Washington but also expenses back to Weiser. Johnson pitched his first major league game here on Aug. 2, 1907—at age of 19—and was beaten by the Detroit Tigers, 3-2. But he showed plenty of stuff, confining Cobb, Crawford, Rossman and the other Tiger sluggers to six hits in eight rounds.

Johnson seemed to have nothing but a fast ball and Cantillon informed him that he had to have more than that to get by in the big leagues and had Johnson experimenting with the "spitball" for a while. But Johnson started winning games, throwing the ball past the batters before they could get their bats off their shoulders and, because of this great speed, he was dubbed the "Big Train."

The end of Johnson's mound career was hastened by a blow on the left leg, which fractured the member, while at the Spring training camp at Tampa, Fla., in 1927, a drive from Joe Judge's bat doing the damage. He was given his unconditional release—quite an expensive present by President Clark Griffith, of the Washington Club—so that he could manage the Newark Internationals in 1928 and he returned to the Capital City in 1929 to pilot the Nats, serving four seasons. Last June, he was signed to manage the Cleveland Indians.—Frank H. Young, "Washington Post Sports."

The South Window of Youth

From "Life's Four Windows"

By SAMUEL W. PURVIS

YOUTH is the period of vision. There is more than landscape to be seen from that south window.

"A boy's will is the wind's will and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

The book of Genesis contains sixty chapters and covers 2,300 years of human history, and yet one-half of it is devoted to telling about the calling and life-adventures of young Abraham, and a third of the remainder to that youth Joseph, who rose from the prison pen to the throne.

The story of creation is told in 800 words, and a great deal more is given to Moses, the leader of Israel and to Caleb, the young man to whom fell the task of the conquest of Canaan. The story of the youth, Daniel, and his three fellow Hebrew companions is one of the hero tales of the sacred Word. It was no accident that brought the boy David from the sheepfold to the kingship of Israel. These had been fine character-building days among the hills about Bethlehem.

Oh, the regal greatness of youth. I always feel to bow in the presence of a wholesome boy."

THE destiny of any nation at any given time depends on the opinions of its young men under five-and twenty."—*Goethe.*



"GEE, IT'S CATCHING UP," HE EXCLAIMED. "I'LL GO AND DO WHAT I CAN."

Illustrated by Cornelius Vanderende

MAX Fights a BATTLE

Boys, even Scouts, are sometimes thoughtlessly cruel. Max, however, carried a brave heart underneath his jacket—and that's important.

By
ALFRED FIELDING

WHEN Max Albright finished mowing the lawn of one of the big residences in town he received his pay, went to the grocery store, and purchased a week's supply. With these tucked away in the wooden rack in front of the handle bars of his bicycle he mounted and rode on towards the open country, whistling lightly. His home lay a good three miles out, half way between town and the great Dulaney powder mills.

As he neared the outskirts of the town a group of boys hailed him. They had been former schoolmates. Some were friendly faces; a few jeered at him. One in particular gave him an impudent grimace, and shouted, "Coward's son."

A flash of anger came to Max. In spite of the admonition of his mother he turned his wheel quickly to the sidewalk and dismounted.

Most of the boys were running down the street by the time he had dismounted. The three that remained were those who had shown friendly glances, and one said, "That was George Farthing, Max."

"I know, and it's not the first time," Max replied. "I don't want to be rough, but if I'm driven to it—."

He hesitated, looking in the direction of the retreating boys. In the silence one of the three said in an undertone, "It's a pity."

Without another word Max mounted his wheel and pedalled swiftly out of town, desperately combating the thoughts which would try to come to his mind. Hot flushes came to his cheeks, and when he reached the top of the hill and came within sight of his own home in the distance, tears of rage came to his eyes.

For two years he had lived under that stigma. His father had lost his life in a great explosion at the Dulaney mills. He had not been blown to pieces; his head had been crushed by tripping against a rock half way between the mixing mill and its adjoining building. Col. Dulaney had acknowledged the mix to have gotten beyond control and to have heated rapidly to the danger point, but declared Max's father to have run before the warning was given. He had said it was

a violation of the bravery of his powder mixers—to stick until all hope of saving the mix had passed. And he had branded him a coward, and denied his widow the usual pension.

MAX knew that his father could not be a coward. Later he learned that his father had run to warn men in the next mill; the position of his body when they found him had verified it. That, too, was a part of the unwritten laws of the powder mixers. Max went to Colonel Dulaney in person, stoutly defending his father's good name. But Colonel Dulaney, irascible and obstinate, had refused to listen.

Max was but fifteen years old at the time. He had been compelled to give up school and to work at the odd jobs he could find. Most of the people, and especially the boys, round about kept aloof from him, and some of them even jeered. But some of them seemed friendly—to Max it seemed more out of pity.

It was this attitude and the remarks of those three boys who had remained to face him, more than the insult, which fired Max's rage. Trying his best to master and hide it before he entered his home, he hesitated at the front gate. He scowled when he looked across the fields to see far in the distance the great stone mansion of Colonel Dulaney. A group of big stone barns and outbuildings lay off to its left. Just over the brow of the hill beyond them lay the immense powder mills where his father had met his death.

Max's gaze wandered from the mansion to his own lowly cottage, which was home for his mother and himself. Those great buildings represented wealth; his own cottage near poverty, sometimes even direst need. That comparison, the recent insult, aroused a burning resentment, and he made up his mind that he would not longer live under the stigma.

The sun had gone beyond the western hills by the time Max had made ready for supper. When he went in at his mother's call, he had carefully hidden all traces of his feelings.

For awhile they chatted pleasantly over the meal, but before they finished it Max appeared to be restless and his thoughts elsewhere. When he rose from the table his eyes held a determined light, and he said, "Mother, I'm going to run into town for a little while. I'll be back soon."

In a few minutes he was out of the kitchen door and walking his wheel around the side of the house.

"I am going to see George Farthing," he muttered determinedly. "I hate to do it, but he and I are going to have it out. I just can't stand it any longer."

As he was nearing the front gate he heard his mother call. She was running around the house and towards him.

"Max," she exclaimed, "I do believe Colonel Dulaney's big barn is afire. Look at it."

Max turned in the direction of the Dulaney estate. In the gathering dusk he could see a volume of black smoke rising from one end of the big stone building, and as he watched, a faint streak of red came shooting up with it.

"That's a fire, mother, sure 'nough," he exclaimed excitedly.

He ran his wheel to the side of the house, turned about hurriedly, then hesitated.

"No, I'm not going," he said with a heavy scowl. "Let it burn—and I hope it burns clear up."

"Max," exclaimed his mother mildly.

"Well, I don't care, Mother," returned Max, avoiding the look of reproach in her eyes. Then fire seemed to flash from his own eyes, and he added, "Why, this afternoon—."

He checked his words suddenly. Perhaps it would distress his mother. Then he said quietly, "Colonel Dulaney has done father a great injustice."

MRS. ALBRIGHT laid her hands on her boy's shoulders. "Max, God will take care of that," she said softly. "Let's just do our part."

Max hung his head a moment, then brightened suddenly. He looked again towards the Dulaney barn. "Gee, it's catching up," he exclaimed. "I'll go, and do what I can."

Max acknowledged his mother's warning to be careful with a wave of his hand as he vaulted the fence of their little yard. In the distance he heard shouts here and there as other neighbors were starting towards the Dulaney estate. Taking a short cut across the wide fields, he ran and stumbled over corn rows and harrows, through clover grass, and over little brooks.

His excitement ran high, and in spite of his mother's teachings there was a little glee creeping in with that excitement as he saw the flames mounting higher and higher. He had been in that great stone barn, and he knew that once fairly started, nothing could stop a fire in it. He could not help saying as he ran—"Serves old Colonel Dulaney right—I hope it burns to the ground."

Max came finally within the great barnyard, panting and blowing hard from his long run. Some men were running to and fro, and a few of the neighbors from far and near were coming from all directions. Already the fire had broken through the roof of one end of the building and was beginning to creep along its length.

Near the center of the building Max saw Colonel Dulaney with several other men pushing open the big sliding doors to the stables. Horses were neighing and screeching inside. Without a moment's hesitation Max was among them. Inside the smoke was beginning to thicken, and Max coughed and sputtered. But, with others, he made for the stalls, unfastened a horse and led him out to safety. Then he ran back again and repeated his efforts. By the time they had taken all the livestock out the fire was coming closer, eating forward with a great roar.

When Max brought the last horse out he heard one of the men say, "Wind's gettin' stronger."

"It's takin' the sparks away from the house, anyhow," said another.

Alfred Fielding



BORN in an army post in Maryland, educated in schools at Washington, D. C., and at Columbia University, Alfred Fielding became finally a writer for the metropolitan papers of New York City. He has been a sailor, a miner in Arizona, a soldier, and other things, which gives him a background for fiction. "The outcome of the World-War service," he writes, "aroused in me an ever-present but dormant inclination to produce fiction. The outcome of the whole is an earnest desire to adhere to the higher standards of literature."

Max looked up to see a perfect cloud of sparks soaring away over the brow of the hill towards the valley. He thought nothing about it at the time, and when he saw men at the far end of the building entering and bringing out farming utensils, he ran towards them to help.

He worked with a will. He thought he saw George Farthing among the crowd. Excitement made him forget his resentment. Sometimes he brushed even against the colonel himself. After awhile the smoke became so thick inside the great building that they had to hold their breath in the brief dashes after articles.

OUTSIDE men played water on the building, supplied through small hose and electric pumps from the colonel's wells, but the streams were so weak as to be ineffective. The fire steadily gained headway. Then, while Max and a few others were trying to roll out a big rotary plow, they heard shouts from the outside, cries of alarm. They dropped the machine and ran out.

"Look out for an explosion," came a great cry as they came into the open. "Number Ten magazine is covered with sparks."

The group of men and boys in the barnyard was backing towards the house, away from the brow of the hill. Max looked up to see the huge barn almost wholly ablaze, sending thousands of bright sparks and pieces of burning wood high in the air.

The wind was increasing, carrying those sparks and burning embers directly over the brow of the hill. Number Ten magazine lay just below in the valley, and Max knew that tons of giant blasting powder was stored in it.

Max knew also that the roofs of those magazines were of heavy timbers because they could not use steel in their construction. And he knew that if a spark were to gain headway, it would mean one vast burst of flame, a thunderous detonation which would shake the country far and wide, and bring a succession of other explosions down the yard. Sometimes concussion alone did it.

Max heard Colonel Dulaney shouting, and turned to see him gesticulating wildly to the men that had backed away from the hill.

"Men, we can save Number Ten," he shouted in his heavy voice. "If it goes up it will take the others and the mills with it."

Only hesitation from the men greeted his words.

"I don't ask you to go where I would not go," the colonel shouted again. "If the yard goes up it means jobless men." He reached down and picked up a hose. "Who will volunteer to come with me?"

Save for the crackling and roar of the flames, there was silence. Then Max saw George Farthing among the group, and sprang forward and grasped the hose. "Come on," he yelled, "don't be cowards."

Some of the men responded and began to drag hose lines across the open to the brow of the hill. They scrambled down the loose rocks. Number Ten, built against the side of the hill, was already spotted here and there with little blazing circles on the roof, while other embers were dropping thickly all around it.

FOLLOWING closely on the heels of Colonel Dulaney, Max half slid down the steep hill and onto the roof of the magazine, dragging a hose after him. As soon as they reached the roof Max and Colonel Dulaney worked rapidly to quench the sparks and embers which had fallen on it. The other men had gone on to the ground along the sides of the building. No time to lose, for those embers sputtered and sizzled as soon as they struck. The water pressure was weak at best, and often they had to rush from one side to the other to reach a new and threatening blaze. And as the fire at the barn reached its climax, the sparks came thicker, the embers heavier.



Photo by J. R. T.
"TARGET PRACTICE"

While they were thus working there came a shout from the men below. "Here — here — on the northeast corner. Look out— she's going."

Max turned to look. A small spurt of flame came from the roof. He knew by its size that it couldn't yet have eaten through those massive timbers, but the men on the ground had retreated, leaving their hose. Even Colonel Dulaney, with blanching face, was hesitating.

Max grasped the nozzle from the colonel's hand. He struggled across the roof with the line of hose, for the water would not reach the flame. Then with a shout Colonel Dulaney was beside him.

Directly over the blaze Max saw the hole, steam hissed, sparks flew as the water struck it. He jammed the nozzle close to the opening, closed his eyes, and hung on.

FAR into the night, when the fire at the barn finally burned itself out and no more sparks came, Max dropped the hose and, without a word, crept up the hill and off towards his home.

Max was cutting wood in his back yard early the next morning when his mother came to him, and said, almost breathlessly, "Max, Colonel Dulaney is out in front. He says he must see you at once."

Max frowned, and dropped his axe. Colonel Dulaney had followed his mother, and stood before Max before he could reply.

"Max," he said earnestly, "what can I do to reward you?"

Max drew himself up. "Just one thing, Colonel Dulaney," he replied almost fiercely. "Clear my father's name."

Colonel Dulaney looked at him a moment in silence and with steady gaze. Presently he grasped Max's hand.

"My boy," he said warmly, "you're not the son of a coward. Come to my office this afternoon."

The OTHER MILLIE

THINKING it over, Millie decided that Madame Levereaux had merely put into words an idea of which Millie herself had long been vaguely conscious. It was satisfying to be able to repeat it:

"* * * Constantly beside each one of us is this phantom companion, our other self — the Woman-We-Might-Be. Cultivate her acquaintance; study her, imitate her, become like her. You can * * * and you owe it to yourself to do so."

It pleased Millie to remember those forty words. To follow them along fascinating avenues of thought in search of the Woman-She-Might-Be—The Other Millie Morton. She was not to find them always pleasurable, these mental explorations. Right from the start, they caused Millie a lot of unhappiness. They began it right there outside the door of the Auditorium, within a few minutes after Madame had concluded her "Personality" lecture.

Of course, the Other Millie was not directly to blame for Millie's doorstep collision with Star Hathaway. Mamie Clark, with whom Millie had come to the lecture, was the one at fault. But it was because Millie was so deeply absorbed in thought, already lost in dreams of her "phantom companion," that she was taken unaware when Mamie darted ahead through an exit door momentarily clear to overtake someone to whom she wanted to speak; pulling Millie along with her, for they two had been walking arm in arm to keep together in the crowd.

The sudden jerk caused Millie to lose her balance, and to save herself from falling she clutched at the doorpost with her free hand; and grasped instead, the white-fox-furred sleeve of Star Hathaway's turquoise-blue evening wrap, and pulled herself up unsteadily, to find Star's indignant face looking into hers.



"THEN WHAT IN THE WORLD—?" HE HELD HER AWAY FROM HIM, HIS HANDS HOLDING HER SHOULDERS SO THAT SHE HAD TO FACE HIM, WHILE HIS EYES SEARCHED HERS.

"Well!" said Star, frostily.

"Oh, Star! I beg your pardon!" Millie gasped, aware in the fraction of a second of how deep-blue Star's eyes looked above the gem-blue of her wrap and gown, how beautifully, precisely waved was her shining silver-blonde hair. Aware, too, of the contrast afforded by her own worn brown coat and simple beret.

Mamie paused only a moment, to say laughingly over her shoulder:

"All my fault, Star. 'Scuse, please!"—And hurried on down the steps, without relaxing her hold on Millie's arm.

But the moment was long enough for Millie to see that Stan West had come up the steps to meet Star. His expression showed that he had been an amused, though somewhat concerned, witness.

"You're late, Stan," Star greeted him. "And because of that I've narrowly escaped annihilation!"

Millie's cheeks burned. Bad enough to have bumped so awkwardly into Star; but that Stan should have seen it all—that made the trivial accident an excruciatingly painful experience to Millie. It would, she thought bitterly, have to be—out of a city-full of people!—Star Hathaway and Stan West.

"Isn't Star posi-*tive*-ly the most exquisite thing you ever saw?" Mamie said presently, all innocent of adding to Millie's humiliation.

"Certainly is," Millie answered gallantly. That was, she told herself, nothing but the truth. Star *was* exquisite. Why, even her name seemed to set her apart—to em-

By MARY HALE WOOLSEY

MORTON

phasize her beauty and the sparkle that seemed always hers. And with Stan West beside her, the picture was perfect!

"They make a swell couple, don't they?" Mamie went on, continuing her unconscious cruelty. "I guess Star will marry Stan, all right—she's never yet failed to get what she wanted! Oh, well, it's an ideal match. She'll be a perfect wife for him; preside over that fine old house of the West's as nobody else could. She's simply born and bred for it."

How true that was, too, Millie thought, even while she wanted to smile at Mamie's bookish phrases. She wondered what it would be like to have one's every wish possible of fulfilment; to have one's time free to spend at will, and unlimited means for lessons in music and dramatic art and dancing and what not; for beautiful clothes, and club memberships taken for granted. She scolded herself severely.

"I'm being envious," she thought. "And —I won't!"

She realized that Mamie was speaking again, and in an aggrieved tone:

"Say, Mil,—what's eating you? I've asked you a question three times and I bet you've not even heard it!"

"I'm sorry, Mamie—I was just —just thinking hard."

"What about? I *want* to know!"

You couldn't avoid answering Mamie's questions—not when she *"wanted"* to know! Millie floundered for a moment, in embarrassment.

"Why—about—oh, about Madame's talk. My 'phantom self,' you know," she finished with sudden inspiration.

"Well,—" Mamie gave her a good-natured push—"that's what I asked you about. What *is* your 'other self' like, Mil?"

"I don't know, exactly. I'm trying to decide."

"Well, I know mine all right—posi-*tive*-ly I do. She's tall and statuesquely slim, with jet-black hair and dreamy dark eyes, and languorous grace in every motion. And here I am, short and plump and red-headed, and about as graceful as Grandpop's old cow. A fat chance I've got to be what I'd like to be. But I should fret. Rad likes me the way I am, and that makes it okay with me." "Rad" was Mamie's boy friend.

"Oh, Mamie!" Millie laughed in spite of herself. "That's not what Madame meant. She meant things like development of our natural gifts, and making the most of the appearance we do have — bringing out the best that is in us, you know."

"That might do for you. I'm too scatter-brained," Mamie retorted happily. "I'll just go on forever, just as I am. But you, now, Mil,—you really *could* make someone swell of yourself."

"Do you really think so?" Millie said it laughingly, so that Mamie would not know how very much in earnest she felt.

"Posi-*tive*-ly you could — I know it! Why just your looks—

Wild Flowers

Lady Slipper

Dainty lady slipper
Edged about with blue,
It must be a Fairy's
Little magic shoe.

Crocus

Orange cups of honey,
Taste it, won't you please?
Butterflies partake,
So do busy bees.

Buttercup

Waxen yellow platters
Come and peer at these,
Holding pats of butter
For the bumble bees.

Star Flower

Tiny fallen snowflake
Caught upon a stem.
Wonder—will it melt if—
I touch one of them!

DONA WAYLAND.

your hair's that pretty brown color that takes on gorgeous red tints if you put a little henna on it. And I've always been crazy about your eyes,—that deep brown color that turns golden-y when you're excited or specially happy. And your skin's real nice, but you're awfully careless about makeup."

"I hate a lot of makeup," Millie said, and caught her breath, fearing she might have hurt Mamie's feelings. Mamie's round, doll-like face was usually—Millie thought of her brother Jack's remark—"a traveling cosmetics-counter."

But Mamie had not noticed.

"You'd like it if you'd take the time to use it just right; it takes more than just dabbing it on, you know. Well, and then there's clothes; you really should get better things than you do."

"I suppose you're right, there," Millie said. "I do mean to get a nice dress. I'll look for one tomorrow at lunch-hour."

"And soon it will be time for my new spring coat," said Mamie. "Let me help you look for the dress, and I'll see that you get one with *real* style. Then you can help find me a coat. Are you—."

"Not a new coat, Mamie. If I'm going to save enough money to go to Haven-in-the-Hills for vacation, my last-year coat will have to do."

"Well, of course it's not so bad anyway. And we've just *got* to be together for vacation—I wouldn't have half as much fun without you." (Mamie would, of course, have "fun" anywhere and Millie knew it, but it was nice of her to want Millie. And they both had looked forward to this vacation treat.) "But a real stylish dress will do wonders for you, Mil—it will be a fine beginning. Here's my corner. Nighty—see you tomorrow!"

MILLIE found it something of a relief to be walking on alone. Alone, that is, except for a phantom companion who had become very important, though still Millie could not picture her clearly. But one thing was certain: the Other Millie was walking with Stan West. Tall, dark, good-looking, he was smiling down at her in that way that only Stan West could smile. As he had often smiled at Millie back in high-school days, before he went away to college and fate seemed to have ordered their lives apart.

Then—the "phantom" turned to lay her hand on Stan's arm, in a possessive sort of way, as if they belonged to each other. And it became plain that she had bright blonde hair, deeply waved, and blue, blue eyes that shamed a turquoise frock. Millie, hurrying on in the darkness, laughed at herself—through tears.

"Oh, Mil—that's the dress for you!" Mamie was unmistakably thrilled. "It's like it had been made to your measure and just for your features. That shade of green makes your skin posi-*tive*-ly ravishing—makes me think of an Ophelia rose. And your hair—it's a *grand* color! Hon, you've *got* to have it!"

Millie fingered the price-ticket dubiously. "It's five dollars more than I figured I could possibly pay. The rose-colored one—."

"The rose-colored one isn't in it with this," Mamie declared.

"Well—I'll have to think it over," Millie compromised. And all the way home that night, the two girls walked slowly, for Millie was making notes in her little expense-book. Careful, meaningful columns of figures, while Mamie watched and made suggestions. And Millie's face grew bright, and gold lights danced in her eyes.

"I can do it, after all. I'll have to be careful every day of the month, but it will be worth it."

"You bet it will," Mamie assured her. "You'll never regret it, Mil."

Brother Jack was sitting patiently on the porch steps. He came up the street to meet Millie, who noticed that his hair was smoothly brushed and shining, and she smiled. When Jack's hair was sleek and flat as then, he was about to ask a favor of someone.

" 'Lo, Millie—I've been waiting for you. I was wondering—that is—could you—."

"Sure. What's on your mind?" Millie resisted a temptation to rumple the smooth hair into its usual tousled state.

"Well—I need a new tennis-racquet—a real good one, Mil. Mine's too light to meet those fast balls like Bill Bowen sends, and some of the others. Besides—" with modest pride—"Stan West wants me to go in for the tournament this June." Stan was president of the Silver Racquet Club, and Jack's membership in it was Millie's pride.

"How much do you need?" she asked him.

"* * * Stan wants him to—" said Millie's heart.

"The one I want is twelve-fifty," Jack hesitated. "I've got four dollars, and Pop said he could let me have four. That leaves four-fifty. I could pay you back soon after school's out, Mil."

"Don't worry about that, Buddie. Go get your racquet, and do your darndest for S— for Silver!"

Thus, perhaps, must the ancients occasionally have laid dear dreams along with sacrificial offerings upon the altars of their gods.

YOU do look sweet in that rose-color, Mil. But—" Mamie left the rest of her comment eloquently unsaid.

"Gee, that's a sweet dress," said Jack, and Bentley and Dad and Mother expressed themselves similarly.

"Sweet." * * * And everywhere that Millie went in rose-color, the Other Millie followed, with a "ravishing" complexion and "grand"-colored hair, wearing a distinctive green gown.

The Other Millie had become definite at last—in theory. She kept up her piano-practice even without lessons; she read and wrote and spoke French more than just by way of coaching two younger brothers who were finding their high-school lessons difficult; she "kept up" with the best of the new books. And of course she never neglected her appearance — her "grooming"—in the slightest detail.

In practice, the Other Millie was still far from a realization. There were so many things that consumed Millie's leisure time,—little services at home, mostly: curling small-sister Genevieve's hair, perhaps bringing out a new ribbon to surprise her; washing the dinner dishes so that Mother could take the evening out with Dad; helping Jack and Bentley through troublesome or confusing pages of "lit" or medieval history; making cookies or candy to please the six-year-old twins; writing long letters to the brother who was away, working his way through college, and who wrote of unbearable homesickness at times; and count-

(*Continued on Page* 380)

Flower Photographs CONTEST



FRENCH POODLE IN PRIVET HEDGE. MR. SUTTON, PROVO, UTAH

GET that kodak or camera ready, for summer is the best of all snap-shot seasons even in these days of better films and faster lenses. In order to encourage you to do a little careful shooting, *The Improvement Era* is prepared to offer a few small prizes.

Last year we had a little luck with our contest; we received one unusually interesting picture from a faithful Missionary in Switzerland, G. Alvin Carpenter: He said in part: "I am inclosing a photograph taken Sept. 5, 1933, in Interlaken, Switzerland. On the picture is shown a beautiful clock design formed entirely out of flowers. I might state that the letters below the clock, viz: "Kursaal Interlaken" (Cure Place Interlaken), are also composed of flowers. The little steeple above the clock contains an actual clock which strikes the quarter hours, making it all the more interesting to look at. This garden in Interlaken is typical of most European flower gardens that I have seen, however it is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing such an interesting object as a clock outlined in flowers."

But along came Mrs. Emma S. Jensen, of Provo, Utah, with an article about a Scotch flower clock. Her article is printed in connection with this page.

Now we have thought that in many parts of the world this summer there will be interesting designs worked out in flowers. We'd like to see snap-shots of them. Perhaps someone has trimmed a hedge in some unique form such as the one shown here snapped in Provo last summer at the home of a Mr. Sutton; perhaps it will be a vine hiding an unsightly fence or rude shanty; a bird bath surrounded by flowers —anything beautiful or unique over which some interested person has labored. We'd like to see pictures of such designs.



FLOWER CLOCK, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND



FLOWER CLOCK, INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. All pictures must be snapped by amateurs. The developing and printing may be done by professionals.

2. The photograph to be eligible must be taken between June 1 and October 1 and must be in the office of *The Improvement Era* not later than October 10.

3. Prints must be glossy, black and white, and must bear on the reverse side the name of the entrant, the title of the picture, the time of taking including date and time of day, and the exposure and stop. Size, 4x5 or smaller.

4. Prizes will be $5 for the best photograph submitted; $3 for second best; $1 for third best.

5. If photographs are to be returned they should be accompanied by a self addressed, stamped envelope.

6. Address: Flower Photographs Contest Editor, *The Improvement Era*, 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Flower Clock

By EMMA S. JENSEN

ONE of the most interesting streets in Europe is Princess Street in Edinburgh. The Scott monument and the marvelous old medieval castle are perhaps the most attractive features to the thousands of tourists who annually visit the Scottish Capital, but there is another attraction, less prominent, yet a thing of such beauty, ingenuity, and mechanical skill as to be of universal interest to visitors. It is the flower clock.

Should one desire to know the time of day while standing on the stone steps before the little slanting plat of clock ground instead of consulting his watch or making a

(*Continued on page* 349)

Let's Talk About PERSONALITY

By
Mildred Baker

Learning to live together on pleasant terms is one of the chief occupations of civilized peoples. Mildred Baker, in this brief article which will be followed by others later, makes a few suggestions.

I WAS recently engaged in conversation with two charming and unusually pretty girls. They were discussing a third girl as I joined them. "She's not at all good looking," the speaker informed me, "but she has such loads of personality that she actually seems beautiful at times, doesn't she, Lois?"

"She certainly does," responded Lois, "and we've decided that if we had to make a choice, we'd choose personality rather than beauty any day."

"And yet," I commented, "beauty and personality are closely related. Why I dare say you have never seen a girl possessed of a charming personality who did not appeal to you as being pretty if not altogether beautiful." They agreed with me.

It's a significant fact about that quality of personal charm known as personality, that its natural affinity is beauty. But just what is "Personality?" And what, its relation to beauty? I'm sure we have all known at least one girl or woman whose features, considered separately or compositely, could not by any stretch of the imagination, be termed beautiful but whose very presence in a room created an atmosphere of cheer, gaiety, friendliness and good fellowship. About such a person, there exists a very definite quality of beauty, real beauty that glows, that exudes, that is undefinable but very real. Such beauty is a warm, encompassing beauty which because it emanates from within is heightened by a certain spiritual quality.

How often have you had occasion to remark about a new acquaintance, "What a delightful personality!" Old friends we know, too, who possess that so-much-to-be-desired quality. Old friends who "bear acquaintance" and "wear well," as a direct result of a charming personality. And we ask ourselves this question. Is personality achieved so that we who possess it in but a slight degree may acquire it in greater abundance? Or are we doomed to live out our existence forever eclipsed by the shadow of our more fortunate sisters who have this quality?

LET me say to you, dear reader, take heart and be of good cheer if you feel yourself less favored than your sister, friend or neighbor. For that seemingly elusive something which we call Personality may indeed be cultivated. Personality is but the dress that character wears. Some of us dress unbecomingly that's all. In the same way that physical beauty and charm may be obscured by an unwise choice of color, line or design in dress, so the depth and beauty of one's character may be completely hidden by an unlovely or faulty expression. And as we learn to choose frocks and gowns that enhance and intensify our good points, so we may learn to express character through personality in a way that will attract others to us.

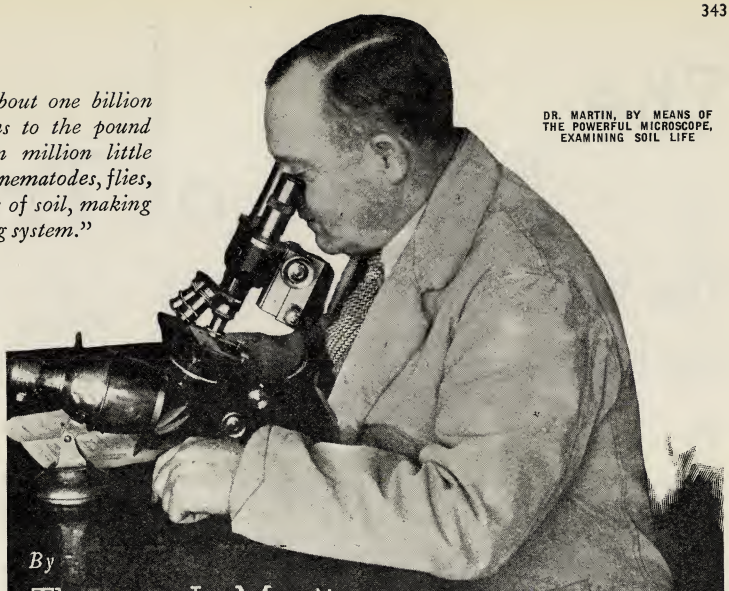
The first lesson to be mastered in this matter of developing personality is one of extreme importance and it may be stated simply in these few words: "Learn to know yourself!" Character is the total of our potentialities. We are endowed at birth, psychology teaches, with whatever of character we may ever hope to possess. That is, our potentialities are based on a biological foundation which constitutes our equipment for building self-hood. The mental deficient is handicapped at the outset.

Personality, on the other hand, is the drawing out, the development of character and that is largely a matter of education. We are not all alike, however. We all have certain natural inclinations, certain native tendencies. But if you chance to be a violet, then be the sweetest, bluest, most fragrant violet ever and if a lily, cultivate all the attributes of that stately flower; remembering the while, that the wise violet does not strive to emulate the lily, nor does the lily try to robe her regal beauty in the demure shyness which cloaks the violet so becomingly. Each in her own wisdom strives only to attain the perfection of her kind.

The possibilities for individual development of personality are unlimited. We need only set about to learn how to carry on the process. We are never too old to begin, incidentally. There are certain principles which apply and certain mechanics, shall we say, to be mastered in the cultivation of personality and it shall be the aim of these articles to help you, particularly you mothers and big sisters who are constantly setting an example to the younger members of the family, to cultivate your personality to the end that you may be charming to your friends, an ideal to your family and loved ones and a delight to yourself. Thus we approach the stairway to a charming personality.

PERSONALITY is that which is most intimate to me—that by which I must act out my life. It is that by which I belong to man, that by which I am able to reach after God; and He has given to me this pearl of great price. It is an immortal treasure; it is mine, it is His, and no man shall pluck it out of His hand."—*Hugh R. Haweis.*

There are about one billion micro-organisms to the pound of soil; fifteen million little worms, spiders, nematodes, flies, etc., to the acre of soil, making the "soil a living system."



DR. MARTIN, BY MEANS OF THE POWERFUL MICROSCOPE, EXAMINING SOIL LIFE

By

Thomas L. Martin

The SOIL AS A LIVING SYSTEM

FILL a flower pot with soft dark earth and mold from the border of the wood and carry it to the student of entomology and see if he can name one-half of the living forms of this little kingdom of life; or hand it to the botanist, well trained in the lower order of plants, and see how many of the living forms which these few handsful of dirt contain, he can classify. Present this miniature farm to the chemist and physicist and let them puzzle over it. Call in the farmer, and ask him what plants will thrive best in it; or keep the soil warm and moist for a time and let the gardener say of the tiny plants that appear as by magic, which are good and which are bad. Mark what these experts have said. Call in the orchardist to tell you how to change dead, lifeless, despised earth into fruit. Ask the physiologist to explain how sudden earth is transformed into nerve and brain.

This description of the soil is especially attractive at this time of the year. We have been housed up all winter and now as the grass and flowers spring up and the soils are being turned over, crumbly and loamy, we feel invigorated and responsive to the call that nature is making on us; we enjoy the work that is necessary to make the soil an ideal home for the seeds we plant.

If we could maintain this springtime attitude of mind and react this way the year around, better flower gardens, larger vegetable, fruit, and field crops would be produced and there would be a more universal atmosphere of appreciation for nature. Perhaps this would even help to force from our thoughts the many petty things which too readily attach themselves to man.

Consideration of the soil as a thing alive is not as common as it should be. The fact that soil responds as though it were a living thing must be apparent to all who observe closely, and it is that response which makes man react to it the way he does, particularly in the spring of the year. Let us for a few moments regard soil in this way and see where this leads us, When we study soil and learn all the little intracacies of its make-up and its method of response to every whim of its master we are likely to

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The Power of Truth

The Way of the Reformer

By William George Jordan

THE reformers of the world are its men of mighty purpose. They are men with the courage of individual conviction, men who dare run counter to the criticism of inferiors, men who voluntarily bear crosses for what they accept as right, even without the guarantee of a crown. They are men who gladly go down into the depths of silence, darkness and oblivion, but only to emerge finally like divers, with pearls in their hands.

He who labors untiringly toward the attainment of some noble aim, with eyes fixed on the star of some mighty purpose, as the Magi followed the star in the East, is a reformer. He who is loyal to the inspiration of some great religious thought, and with strong hand leads weak trembling steps of faith into the glory of certainty, is a reformer. He who follows the thin thread of some revelation of Nature in any of the sciences, follows it in the spirit of truth through a maze of doubt, hope, experiment and questioning, till the tiny guiding thread grows stronger and firmer to his touch, leading him to some wondrous illumination of Nature's law, is a reformer.

He who goes up alone into the mountains of truth and, glowing with the radiance of some mighty revelation, returns to force the hurrying world to listen to his story is a reformer. Whoever seeks to work out for himself his destiny, the life-work that all his nature tells him should be his, bravely, calmly and with due consideration of the rights of others and his duties to them, is a reformer.

These men who renounce the commonplace and conventional for higher things are reformers because they are striving to bring about new conditions; they are consecrating their lives to ideals. They are the brave aggressive vanguard of progress. They are men who can stand a siege, who can take long forced marches without a murmur, who set their teeth and bow their heads as they fight their way through the smoke, who smile at the trials and privations that dare to daunt them. They care naught for the hardships and perils of the fight, for they are ever inspired by the flag of triumph that seems already waving on the citadel of their hopes.

IF we are facing some great life ambition let us see if our heroic plans are good, high, noble and exalted enough for the price we must pay for their attainment. Let us seriously and honestly look into our needs, our liabilities, our resources, our responsibilities, to assure ourselves that it is no mere passing whim that is leading us. Let us hear and consider all counsel, all light that may be thrown on every side, let us hear it as a judge on the bench listens to the evidence and then makes his own decision. The choice of a life-work is too sacred a responsibility to the individual to be lightly decided for him by others less thoroughly informed than himself. When we have weighed in the balance the mighty question and have made our decision, let us act, let us concentrate our lives upon that which we feel is supreme, and, never forsaking a real duty, never be diverted from the attainment of the highest things, no matter what honest price we may have to pay for their realization and conquest.

When Nature decides on any man as a reformer she whispers to him his great message, she places in his hand the staff of courage, she wraps around him the robes of patience and self-reliance and starts him on his way. Then, in order that he may have strength to live through it all, she mercifully calls him back for a moment and makes him—an optimist.

The way of the reformer is hard, very hard. The world knows little of it, for it is rare that the reformer reveals the scars of conflict, the pangs of hope deferred, the mighty waves of despair that wash over a great purpose. Sometimes men of sincere aim and unselfish high ambition, weary and worn with the struggle, have permitted the world to hear an uncontrolled sob of hopelessness or a word of momentary bitterness at the seeming emptiness of all effort. But men of great purpose and noble ideals must know that the path of the reformer is loneliness. They must live from within rather than in dependence on sources of help from without. Their mission, their exalted aim, their supreme object in living, which focuses all their energy, must be their source of strength and inspiration. The reformer must ever light the torch of his own inspiration. His own hand must ever guard the sacred flame as he moves steadily forward on his lonely way.

THE reformer in morals, in education, in religion, in sociology, in invention, in philosophy, in any line of aspiration, is ever a pioneer. His privilege is to blaze the path for others, to mark at his peril a road that others may follow in safety. He must not expect that the way will be graded and asphalted for him. He must realize that he must face injustice, ingratitude, opposition, misunderstand-

(*Continued on Page* 370)

POETRY



Remembering

By Harry Elmore Hurd

YOU said, "Do not forget.
Remember, though the days are long,
That I shall wait for you."

When homing birds forget
To greet the greening May with song,
Then I shall be untrue.

New days, old hopes beget,
White Winter waits for blossomed Spring,
Ah, if you only knew

How little I forget,
Your blessed aching heart would sing
With joy the whole day through!

Spring

By Camille C. Nuffer

SPRING, that lovely lass,
Smiling through her charms
Steps lightly o'er the grass
With posies in her arms.
The song from her ruby lips
Floats in the southern breeze;
She's playmate to the birds,
She's sweetheart to the trees.

To Youth

By Christie Lund

HOLD close your every hour of happiness,
Rob every moment of its inmost joy;
Absorb each day's white surge of loveliness—
Beauty, alone, time cannot quite destroy.

Press tightly to your breast your loved one's head,
Go singing while you may into the dawn;
Leave no hushed word of tenderness unsaid,
Tomorrow, youth and loved one may be gone.

Compensation

By Antoinette Lambourne Fowler

HER hands lay idly in her lap:
The hands of youth, with rosy nails
And blue veins showing through
The satin skin, the palms
Soft as the petals of a new-blown flower.

An artist held them in his own;
"Such lovely hands," he said.

Her hands lay idly in her lap,
Toil-worn and old, with broken nails
And roughened fingertips, the palms
All calloused, and the skin
Reddened and coarse from endless menial tasks.

The artist stooped and kissed them.
"Such lovely hands," he said.

Solace I Find

By Ruth Lindsay Brown

ABOVE the turbulent lake
Blue towering peaks are soaring—
Covered with pines and blue hazy mists.
Reaching their arms to the sky.

"I have lifted up mine eyes unto the hills
From whence cometh my strength."
My spirit soars with the lofty pines
And is caressed by the rippling breeze.

Solace I find
In the murmur of water and tree-tops.
When I am away from mankind
I forget the sordid shallowness and the never-ending treachery—
Away from the memories of disappointments
And disillusions which have come through all my life.

Out where the sunset sheds a pale-gold over the rippling waters
I lay my heart bare
To be refreshed in that jewel-light.

I smell the pines and am revived.
My heart is at peace with the world.

Hawthorn

By Elizabeth Witmer Locke

IN May I saw her, sweet and dignified,
Enclouded in a petaled nuptial veil,
Aristocratic and decorous bride,
Genteel and orthodox in each detail.

September stirred to life her half-breed taint;
She decked herself with gaudy tribal beads,
She could no longer be a pale-face saint,
Nor longer bear the strain of foreign creeds.

These Things

By Ardyth Kennelly

THESE things are the loveliest,
Wherever you may be:
The first star that appears at dusk
Cool and glitteringly,

A moon the color of a rose,
And yellow butterflies,
Bright girl-hair drying in the sun,
The look in lovers' eyes,

A little fire leaping up,
A soft day, snowy-deep,
Or on pink blankets, darling-mouthed,
A baby fast asleep!

Hope Dies

By Estelle Webb Thomas

HOPE dies and we may manifest
No outward sign of grief,
For none may know when thus bereft
Our souls must seek relief.

None tender flowers, nor solemnly
Walk in the funeral train;
Alone, behind a smiling mask
We bear our gnawing pain;

And bury deep within our souls,
In bitterness, our dead;
Nor sense that Christ-like it shall raise
Renewed, its shining head!



Drawing by Elsie E. Barrett.

In these times of stress when all of us are questioning everything it is well to pause with Judge Harrington and review the importance of our heritage—the Free School.

The Genius and the Mission of the Free School

By

JUDGE DANIEL HARRINGTON

IF the question were asked today, "What secular institution or organization among us challenges our greatest interest, not only in the Nation as a whole but in every State in the Union," the answer undoubtedly would be "The Free School."

That this is true is not difficult to understand. The very genius of it impels the idea of equality. It aims to start every boy and every girl out on an even—a co-ordinate—footing.

In this connection, too, it is fitting to note that the public free school had its origin in New England and was first established in Massachusetts—"Where American liberty raised its first voice."

The ideas that impelled the educational crusaders of New England, Horace Mann, James G. Carter, Samuel R. Hall, the founder of Andover, Charles Brooks and others, aided also by Daniel Webster, were, that "the property of a community owes its children the rudiments of an education;" "that without the coordinating and equalizing effects of free schools representative government will not long endure;" "that they are in fact a quasi part of the government of every State."

BY the above I am not pretending to write a thesis on free schools. This preface is intended to show that many of our early pioneers, as well as many who came later, were acquainted with these ideas and that they lingered in their hearts and minds. Among those who were thus affected and who sought by affirmative action to put their ideals into force were the late Leonard E. Harrington, a pioneer of 1847, and the late Joseph B. Forbes, a pioneer of 1865.

The former, a native of New York State, had been a school teacher in his native State before allying himself with the Latter-day Saints and before migrating with them to the then little known and unsettled West. The latter, a native of the city of Bangor, Maine, had received the benefits of the excellent schools of that State before leaving for the West and before finally uniting with the Latter-day Saints. It is thus manifest that each of these individuals was fitted to be an earnest advocate of the first public free school established in this territory and in the Rocky Mountain country.

The history of this establishment, in brief outline, is as follows:

Mr. Harrington, who prior to the 1866 session of the Territorial Legislature had been a member of several sessions of that body, (the sessions were then held annually) had found that it was not practicable to attempt the establishment of a complete free school system, but he did learn that a number of the members of the Legislature as well as the governor and other leaders of the community would favor a law permitting or authorizing the several school districts of the territory to support their schools either by taxation or by tuition.

WITH this outlook and with this encouragement, he, as chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Council of the Legislature, introduced the bill granting such powers. The bill passed both houses—was signed by the governor, thus becoming law.

After adjournment of that session in accordance with the law, Mr. Harrington went to his home in American Fork, and aided by Joseph B. Forbes, who had the year before been engaged as principal of the schools, E. A. Henroid, another educator, and others called an election and after a spirited canvass on the question of tax or no tax, the affirmative carried by a small majority. Thus *the first public free school in the Territory was launched in American Fork, antedating the general free school of the Territory by about twenty-six years.* The second year after the system was established, two new schoolhouses were built, one in the western and one in the eastern part of the City; "Science Hall," in the center of town, was also repaired. Good facilities for holding school and a partial graded system were thus established. In my own experience, I recall hearing the promoters of the new system extol its merits by saying that out of a population of 1600 people, 400, or one-fourth of the population, was enrolled in the schools.

As a tribute to the work of the chief promoters of this then new order, the citizens of American Fork a few years ago named the fine new building located in their City, the "Harrington School" and one almost equally large, the "Forbes School," fine tributes to worthy men and to worthy service.

While from the above background, it may be fairly inferred that I have an abiding love for the genius and the mission of free schools and while my experience as a public school teacher and a County Superintendent of schools has shown to me their great benefits, I am free to say that the establishing of Biblical and Christian Seminaries in this and a number of other States of the Union near the

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The Power of Truth

The Way of the Reformer

By William George Jordan

THE reformers of the world are its men of mighty purpose. They are men with the courage of individual conviction, men who dare run counter to the criticism of inferiors, men who voluntarily bear crosses for what they accept as right, even without the guarantee of a crown. They are men who gladly go down into the depths of silence, darkness and oblivion, but only to emerge finally like divers, with pearls in their hands.

He who labors untiringly toward the attainment of some noble aim, with eyes fixed on the star of some mighty purpose, as the Magi followed the star in the East, is a reformer. He who is loyal to the inspiration of some great religious thought, and with strong hand leads weak trembling steps of faith into the glory of certainty, is a reformer. He who follows the thin thread of some revelation of Nature in any of the sciences, follows it in the spirit of truth through a maze of doubt, hope, experiment and questioning, till the tiny guiding thread grows stronger and firmer to his touch, leading him to some wondrous illumination of Nature's law, is a reformer.

He who goes up alone into the mountains of truth and, glowing with the radiance of some mighty revelation, returns to force the hurrying world to listen to his story is a reformer. Whoever seeks to work out for himself his destiny, the life-work that all his nature tells him should be his, bravely, calmly and with due consideration of the rights of others and his duties to them, is a reformer.

These men who renounce the commonplace and conventional for higher things are reformers because they are striving to bring about new conditions; they are consecrating their lives to ideals. They are the brave aggressive vanguard of progress. They are men who can stand a siege, who can take long forced marches without a murmur, who set their teeth and bow their heads as they fight their way through the smoke, who smile at the trials and privations that dare to daunt them. They care naught for the hardships and perils of the fight, for they are ever inspired by the flag of triumph that seems already waving on the citadel of their hopes.

IF we are facing some great life ambition let us see if our heroic plans are good, high, noble and exalted enough for the price we must pay for their attainment. Let us seriously and honestly look into our needs, our liabilities, our resources, our responsibilities, to assure ourselves that it is no mere passing whim that is leading us. Let us hear and consider all counsel, all light that may be thrown on every side, let us hear it as a judge on the bench listens to the evidence and then makes his own decision. The choice of a life-work is too sacred a responsibility to the individual to be lightly decided for him by others less thoroughly informed than himself. When we have weighed in the balance the mighty question and have made our decision, let us act, let us concentrate our lives upon that which we feel is supreme, and, never forsaking a real duty, never be diverted from the attainment of the highest things, no matter what honest price we may have to pay for their realization and conquest.

When Nature decides on any man as a reformer she whispers to him his great message, she places in his hand the staff of courage, she wraps around him the robes of patience and self-reliance and starts him on his way. Then, in order that he may have strength to live through it all, she mercifully calls him back for a moment and makes him—an optimist.

The way of the reformer is hard, very hard. The world knows little of it, for it is rare that the reformer reveals the scars of conflict, the pangs of hope deferred, the mighty waves of despair that wash over a great purpose. Sometimes men of sincere aim and unselfish high ambition, weary and worn with the struggle, have permitted the world to hear an uncontrolled sob of hopelessness or a word of momentary bitterness at the seeming emptiness of all effort. But men of great purpose and noble ideals must know that the path of the reformer is loneliness. They must live from within rather than in dependence on sources of help from without. Their mission, their exalted aim, their supreme object in living, which focuses all their energy, must be their source of strength and inspiration. The reformer must ever light the torch of his own inspiration. His own hand must ever guard the sacred flame as he moves steadily forward on his lonely way.

THE reformer in morals, in education, in religion, in sociology, in invention, in philosophy, in any line of aspiration, is ever a pioneer. His privilege is to blaze the path for others, to mark at his peril a road that others may follow in safety. He must not expect that the way will be graded and asphalted for him. He must realize that he must face injustice, ingratitude, opposition, misunderstand-

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"One Man's Meat is Another Man's Poison"

From the Medical Staff and Health Service, Brigham Young University

ANY modern discussion of foods and diet is sorely lacking without some observations relative to the old adage used above as title. Its truth has been recognized for centuries, but an explanation of why has been slow in evolving.

Technically, the answer lies in a phase of human trouble called *allergy*. Definition of this term has undergone continual modification in the few years since it was coined. The word allergy, or *allergia*, is a combination of two Greek terms meaning "other" and "energy" respectively. At first it applied to the curious fact that a person often reacts more powerfully to a second injection of some proteid material than he did to the first one. This may be illustrated by an instance in which an individual rapidly develops severe upset and threatened collapse when given diphtheria antitoxin, after he has some time previously been treated with some form of horse serum. Such a reaction is now usually designated as anaphylaxis or anaphylactic shock.

As knowledge of related fields increased, it became evident that hay fever (described in 1819 by Dr. John Bostock, as "summer catarrh") and bronchial asthma were in some way related to this curious phenomenon. Included as allergic reactions, they soon displaced anaphylaxis from the center of the stage, and assumed control of allergic thought. Continued research has discovered a growing number of conditions clamoring for admittance to the field, until today the term allergy literally "covers a multitude of sins."

Hay fever was found to have no fever at all, but to be a disturbance in which every cell of the body reacts to some poison or poisons, notably pollens of plants. Then it was found that there are two kinds of hay fever: one occurring in spring, summer, and early autumn, due to plant emanations; and one occurring at any time of the year, the causes of which were often not understood. Now we know that many of these, of both seasonal and perennial groups, are actually caused by sensitization to foods eaten, or to factors in the individuals' environments to which they are allergic.

FOR centuries it has been common knowledge that some foods disagree with certain persons, and are entirely compatible with others. In just what way the foods caused difficulty was not known. Analyses of individual gastric juices, and of intestinal digestive ferments have shown no demonstrable variation in their chemistry, yet people can readily digest a given food, while others get severe trouble from eating it. The inconvenience might be anything from a "dark brown taste in the mouth," stuffy nose, sneezing, or "bad head," to bronchial asthma. A certain young man had bronchial asthma of moderate severity, and was under observation to determine its cause. This was some years ago, when the best knowledge of the day considered that all a food could possibly do to influence asthma was to aggravate its real cause. Becoming restive under dietary restraint, the patient ate several luscious cherries at an orchard. Then realizing that he had broken over the traces and might as well be taken for a sheep as for a lamb, he filled up on the forbidden fruit. Within two hours he was hunting frantically for his doctor to give him relief from the most severe asthma he had ever experienced.

EVERY person, it would seem, needs professional medical advice if he is in discomfort. The question which confronts us is: How is he to have it under our present social order?

Urticaria or hives constitutes another manifestation which occasionally accompanies allergy, and has long been known to result from some food disturbances. In the lecture notes of a beloved quiz master used to appear the statement that "hives often occur from eating strawberries on some people!" Periodic "sick headaches" suffered by many, sinus trouble in numerous instances, frequent and inexplainable head colds, coughs that come and go, and even certain cases of presumed epilepsy, are now known to arise from this curious problem of sensitization.

OBSERVERS first believed that only proteids could cause allergic reactions. Then all premises based upon that belief had to be discarded in the face of repeated experience in such trouble arising from orange, grapefruit, brown sugar, honey, viosterol, and other substances unrelated to proteids. Later on, research students and practitioners held that the foods most usually at fault in our ordinary diets were eggs, milk, wheat, and the various shellfish. The writer observed a patient with asthma who, on this supposition, had been for weeks restricted to an orange juice diet. No relief was experienced—rather were attacks more frequent and of increasing severity. When skin tests were done, orange was discovered to be one of the most powerful things in producing the patient's seizures.

In another instance, an intractable hay fever in which repeated pollen tests had failed to reveal an exciting cause, became associated with a disabling dizziness, and was found to be caused by focal infection plus sensitization to yeast, corn, peas, and lamb. This person

was disturbed by bread, which led to the assumption that wheat was a factor. Then it was found that wheat cereal and soda crackers gave no trouble whatever. Skin tests revealed sensitization to yeast of the bread.

Bananas, lauded in nation-wide advertising as a neglected food of high value, constitute one of the commonest of vegetable offenders in allergic reactions. Pork is more often an excitant than any other of our common meats. Tea and coffee are frequently active allergens; and it has been interesting to see the surprisingly numerous positive reactions to tobacco. Of course, anyone sensitive to tobacco smoke is prone to develop stuffiness of nose, headache, slight nausea, and perhaps vertigo, from being compelled to partake of the smoke even secondhand.

ALLERGIC sensitization is much more common than any of us realize; and there seems no doubt that many of the lesser, as well as some of the major health disturbances, are primarily due to it. That ordinary "dieting" is in general hopelessly futile must be apparent, if these observations continue to deserve acceptance as facts. If one is suffering from sensitivity to wheat, carrots, bananas, and corn, it will bring little benefit to adopt a vegetable diet and leave all meats out. Should headache, vertigo, and indigestion arise from eating eggs, tomatoes, peaches, or yeast, marked improvement is scarcely likely from adherence to a starch-free diet. Should there be sensitization to one or more substances in each of the food classes, relief from restriction to any of the "diet" plans is extremely doubtful.

Some recent propaganda tells us that we must not mix in the stomach certain foods, as strawberries and cream, starches and acids, etc. Those who place emphasis upon such teaching ignore the fundamental principle that a human stomach differs widely from test tube conditions obtained in laboratory experiment. How this belief can be justified upon any principle of physiology is not readily clear, yet one hears individuals declare they have been greatly helped by following such a plan. A more logical explanation of their benefit would seem to lie in the fact that they leave out for the time being some of those substances to which they have allergic susceptibility, rather than in any supposed gastric offense at unattractive mixtures.

MUCH is said these days about alkalinization and the dangers of "acidosis." Almost everyone knows that the citrous fruits are *alkalinizers*, and their use is widespread. The popular notion is that everyone is subject to acidosis; and, whenever any cloud looms upon the horizon, resort to alkalies and alkalinizing foods is at once had. In a measure this is true, especially in acute illness of any duration, or of great severity. However, the susceptibility to acids is not by any means universal.

Recently an intelligent young woman consulted her physician regarding an intractable head cold from which she had suffered for several weeks. Her nose seemed completely blocked by swollen tissues, there was much nasal discharge, her head felt heavy, thinking was difficult, and her efficiency was decidedly lowered. She had done everything she knew, and was using two or three kinds of nose drops—including ephedrine. She had been taking three glasses of orange juice daily, in addition to frequent doses of several alkalinizing drugs. Examination discovered her to be constitutionally an allergic, or one subject to "sensitization." As a general rule such persons are more than normally alkaline in their body reaction, and should take alkalinizing substances *only under extreme need*. All that was necessary to immediately clear up her "cold" was to stop all alkalinizers, as well as all medicines being used in the nose, and give an appropriate acid to offset the intense alkaline load which was producing all her trouble.

Such instances are not exceptional, which should again serve to bring home the lessons: that in the field of health there is no panacea; that no two humans yet born are any more identical in their bodily reactions than they are in their personalities; that reason, when self-applied, is likely to be unreasonable; and that the more "learning" we suppose we have, the greater danger lies in tampering with self-medication.

The Genius and the Mission of the Free School

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school, as additional character building and steadying influences, is a step in the right direction.

These seminaries are really corollaries of the schools and in this age of growing frivolities, they are greatly needed, as they inculcate moral rectitude and strength of character and are clearly in line with sound public policy.

THE need of just such training and the pursuing of just such public policy is borne out by the highest judicial authority of our land and by many of our greatest advocates of civil freedom. Thus the Supreme Court of our Nation has held that this is a Christian Nation. That being true, then, who shall say that it is not only a privilege but a duty to teach Christian precepts?

Again, Orville Dewey in one of the finest apostrophes to Liberty ever written asserts:

"When a people leaves the leading-strings of prescriptive authority and enters upon the ground of freedom, that ground must be fenced with law; it must be tilled with wisdom; it must be hallowed with prayer. *The tribunal of justice, the free school, the holy church must be built there to entrench, to defend and to keep the sacred heritage.*"

Is not that an ennobling trinity —the tribunal of justice, the free school, the holy church!

Daniel Webster adds this fine warning:

"But if we and our posterity reject religious instruction and authority, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us, that shall bury all our glory in profound obscurity."

Thus it is manifest that while the free school has been and is greatly beneficial in a purely secular way, on the high authorities just quoted, and in the opinion of wise observers, its great worth and its great mission can be, and will be, vastly augmented by a more vigorous teaching and inculcating of Christian morals and Christian rectitude.

As a corollary of these teachings too, a stronger, more virile, more patriotic electorate and citizenship, shall abide and extend; and, by the magic wand of their power, they will reach to and permeate every part of the land.

Out of the Dust

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into lines Virginia had come to dread. "Other kids have stood it and I guess ours can."

DORA was quick with her retort. Opposition was the breath of life to her, and the battle was on. Virginia wished she wouldn't argue with him. He said enough about her folks "buttin'-in" as it was. She reached quickly for the plate that held the omelet and the two strips of bacon and offered it to him. He served himself generously with egg; put some on Baby's plate with the admonition to go to it; then, with Virginia watching breathlessly, looked the bacon over, hesitated, passed it to Dora. "Have some bacon?"

Dora looked at the two small pieces doubtfully.

"Go ahead," he urged gruffly. "No one likes it here. If it was beef now—"

Abruptly the rock in Virginia's breast wasn't there. She rose hurriedly, fluttering between the hot stove and almost equally hot table. For the moment Dora forgot her argument. She spoke of their lunch.

"Dry farms don't destroy one's appetite, whatever else they do. Really, Virgie, I didn't know you could cook—you—."

"Funny. As long as you've known her." Jim interrupted, combatively.

The little wife's heart sang. Bum cook, he'd said. It was the bacon did it, she told herself. It supplied the needed touch. Maybe Dora wouldn't tell mother what she had told her last time. Her own lunch now, had tasted like ashes.

Jim pushed his chair back from the table and rose heavily. He retrieved his hat from the floor, where he'd flung it. Then paused awkwardly at the door. "Well, goodbye, if I don't see you again."

Virginia, lifting the baby from the high chair, looked up. Goodbye. He didn't dream it was goodbye to her as well as Dora; goodbye to this precious Touslehead. Goodbye to the bickering, the scorching days, the loneliness—still, he hadn't let her down. Tired of bacon, huh! For the briefest instant his eyes searched hers. She turned her head. He gave the baby a quick adoring kiss and then he was gone. Presently they heard the tramp of the horses going back.

The room was soon cleared. Dora consulted her watch.

"Shall I pack or shall I dress Baby?"

"I've packed," Virginia answered from the door. She had just emptied her dish water on the little tree. Jim would scold about that. He wanted the pig to have it.

"Fine. We can leave at once."

But Virginia hesitated. Across the swale Jim was again hooking the tugs—he was gathering the reins. Now he was at the plow. Instantly, horses and man were enveloped in dust. Heat and dust. Poverty and loneliness. He endured them, too. She heard her sister demanding that she hurry. She turned and hung the dish pan on its nail, then gathered her son in her arms.

"I—I guess you'd better go," she said. "I'm staying here."

"Staying here—another year?"

"No, always."

"It's impossible. It's absurd. Are you mad?" Shrilly.

"Maybe. But you see Jim doesn't always mean what he says—."

"But this ghastly place—it's criminal—."

She pleaded, coaxed, almost threatened, cried, and in the end drove away alone. Before she left she took a box from the car. "If you *won't* go, here are some things Mother sent for your birthday."

For the second time that day Virginia's heart sang. Mother knew.

The spiral of dust was again headed toward the house. From it, her husband detached himself and swung rapidly across the field. Gray under dust he faced her. "You didn't go?"

"Of course not. Why should you think that?"

"I don't know—only—I was afraid."

"Silly." Her blood raced.

He stooped to kiss his son. His cheek brushed hers. His lips turned, touched her cheek with a swift, hard caress, and then he was striding buoyantly back across the thirsty earth. Whew, but it was hot. Maybe that meant a storm.

Flower Photograph Contest

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guess from the position of the sun he turns to the flowers; and there, passing over the purple veronica face of the clock he will see floral hands pointing to white alyssum numerals and designating the hour and minute of the day. And if he waits for a few minutes he will hear a delightful little cuckoo coming from the clock.

Such was the experience of our little party on our visit to Edinburgh in July, 1933. As we ascended the steps, leaving the clock, Sister John Houston, a Scottish member of the Church acting as our guide, called attention to a prominent hill in the distance on which is a large flat stone known as King Arthur's seat; but, she added, "the Latter-day Saints know the place as Pratt's Hill." Asked for an explanation, she told us that when Orson Pratt came to Scotland on his first mission, he ascended the hill and prayed to God that He would give him a hundred souls from the city. The apostle's petition was answered in more than full measure: divinely aided, he was enabled to make two hundred converts in the city.

I looked at Pratt's Hill in the distance—again at the flower clock we were leaving. The two seemed to me to be linked together; I could see a close association between the latter-day message of the apostle and the pointing to the time by the hands of the flower clock. As I pondered, the words of the revelation to the Prophet Joseph came to my mind, "For the time is at hand." (Doc. and Cov. 39:21.) Oh, that these words might be quoted in flowers beneath the clock, and with them go a fervent missionary message. But such a hope, I realized, could be nothing more than a fantasy. As the fantasy vanished, a dream took its place, and a hope came that it might be something more than a dream or a fantasy that the flower clock and the missionary message accompanying it might become a reality on the Temple Block in Salt Lake City.

June Conference

JUNE is the month of weddings, roses, and—M. I. A. Conference. From the expanses of America will come up to Zion upon that occasion a concourse of the finest young people this world has ever beheld.

Knowing their objectives and possessed of a fairly well marked map of the way to reach them, they will be happy, wise, and tranquil. They are coming up to Zion to learn of her ways and to walk in her paths. By Zion no particular reference is made to Salt Lake City. Salt Lake City is merely the physical location of Zion—not Zion itself. Zion *is* those young people and the young people and old people like them whom they will meet in Salt Lake City, and whom they will leave behind.

Christianity is a personal as well as a social way of life. One can be Christian among unbelievers—in the world, but not of it, in a sense. He can carry Zion with him in his own heart.

Can you visualize this country in June? Can you see moving from among the millions the few with their eyes set upon the mountains where they are to vie with each other in a perfectly friendly and brotherly fashion for honors in elevating contests? Can you see fifteen thousand, mostly of the young, gathered round the historic tabernacle, the inspiring temple, listening to the best that the Church has produced in a year? Can you imagine hundreds and hundreds of voices drilled to a harmony singing under the direction of a single baton some of the greatest music in the world?

If you can imagine these things, then you know what June Conference will be like.

If you should come, you will be welcome; yet we feel that we have no more right than you to bid conference visitors welcome, for we are one. We merely happen to be living at the gathering place. We welcome you, therefore, but—the Kingdom is yours also.—*H. R. M.*

The Liquor Question

THE time has come when we must begin an unending war on liquor. Six months of repeal have revealed the fact that, as was pointed out by many prominent individuals, liquor by its very nature is outlaw.

Magazines of national circulation are coming into the state of Utah and other states bearing hard-liquor advertisements whether those states have laws against hard liquor or not. This is in violation of the law—a shameless violation of law. A magazine bearing an advertisement inducing people to steal, commit arson, or even murder ought to be equally respectable in comparison with these. One such magazine had the brazen effrontery to advertise by means of a full page that its revenue had increased 22% since January 1 and that therefore, "business *is* better."

Repeal did not solve the bootlegging question; it aggravated it. Saloons have returned—they are everywhere. Auto accidents have increased—you need only to read your newspaper. Liquor of all forms is a dread menace, but hard liquor—outlaw liquor is more to be dreaded than pestilence. It is said that under the present regime "the women started in where the men left off before prohibition."

We can do something about it. We can refuse to buy "outlaw" magazines. We can demand the enforcement of the law, but better still we can begin a program of education which will check John Barleycorn if not defeat him.—*H. R. M.*

Safety—The Summer Project

THREE hundred and one members of the Church met death by violence in 1933. That is an appalling record. If a small group like ours has sustained such a loss, visualize what the nation and the world have lost by a similar means.

Of those deaths 123 were by automobile; thirty-five were by drowning—both preventable, easily preventable, in the main.

The ages of those who suffered death from the automobile are enlightening. Thirty-seven were between the ages of 15 and 25. Undoubtedly speed and general reckless driving were much to blame here. Twenty-two were between the ages of 1 and 10. These were either run over in the street or were with older people in cars. Nineteen were between the ages of 45 and 65; eighteen between 25 and 45; seventeen between 65 and 85; ten between 10 and 15.

Let's talk and teach safety! Let's prevent these heart-breaks, these heart-aches, this sorrow and loss of property and life.

Drive Safely—Always!

Moving Pictures—What About Them?

THAT movies have come to stay there is no doubt; that children and impressionable adolescents will see them and stay to see them a second time is equally sure; that much will be absorbed from the pictures by Young America is the only logical conclusion to be made, and that must be admitted with full and free recognition of the fact that nine out of ten pictures cannot wholesomely be absorbed in toto. What can be done?

For years the question has been asked; now various attempts are being made to answer it. Magazines devoted to the home and family life of the nation are making special efforts to bring before the parents of the country a vision and understanding of the importance of this new and immeasurable influence for good and ill which has come with the numerous other changes of late years; radio broadcasts, sponsored by welfare and religious organizations are presenting problems connected with moving pictures; and thinking people everywhere are facing the fact that an

indifferent, careless attitude in the matter is no longer possible without definitely harmful results.

On our desk this morning lies a copy of an editorial from the "Christian Advocate" which is, in part, as follows: A vigorous campaign, initiated by the Catholic Church, has been joined by both Jewish and Protestant groups to move against immoral books and indecent motion pictures. The pulpits are called on to awaken the public to the menace of the present flood of objectionable * * * pictures shown in all theatres. * * *

"In concerted moves against the evils lies the hope for reform. Confined to New York, fountainhead of immoral books and pictures though it is, the campaign would have little effect upon the country. But breaking out in every city and town, it would greatly stimulate reform. Confined to the Catholic Church, thousands of Christians would not hear of the campaign. But as all religious groups are agreed on the need for purification of our reading and entertainment, the reform fight should be made unitedly."

The natural question now is "what form shall the campaign take?" In the manner of living today, it is virtually impossible, as well as highly ineffectual, to forbid young people to see certain pictures and be sure that the mandate will be obeyed. It is equally impracticable for parents to see every picture which comes to town and select those suitable for children to attend. Many local organizations, Church and otherwise, have attempted, with some degree of success and some degree of failure, to preview films with the thought of endorsing the best and ignoring the mediocre and condemning the worst, but this method has fallen into comparative disuse for many reasons.

What, then, can be done? There are a few suggestions which might be a start toward a solution, and a start is better than nothing at all.

First, patronize clean, uplifting pictures when you know such to be showing in your town, and refuse to attend sensational, suggestively vulgar films.

Second, when you have seen a delightful, soul-warming movie, take time to phone your friends and neighbors and advise them to see it; if, by chance you have stumbled onto the opposite type, tell people of this picture they should miss.

Let the exhibitor in your locality know when you are pleased and when you are infuriated over one picture and another. Box office receipts, after all, largely govern the policy of a manager in his choice of pictures.

Then, perhaps most important of all, since all kinds of movies will be viewed by all kinds of people, learn to analyze a picture for its points of merit, and teach young people to do the same. Talk over with them the values of a film; draw from them an expression concerning those values. In order to formulate an opinion into words, they must clarify their thinking sufficiently to do some analyzing whether they know it or not.

And, finally, do not fail to read good magazines in which the problem of moving pictures is discussed intelligently; and from such articles gather information which will help you to face the matter fairly and squarely and perhaps do something toward solving a problem which has assumed vital and ever increasing proportions in terms of human ideals and attitudes toward life. The following is an excerpt from the "Parents' Magazine" in which Fred Eastman maps an outline for such analysis. Make it your own measuring rod of a movie, and draw it to the attention of others:

1. Does the play reach the emotions? Unless it stirs an audience either to laughter or tears, or both, it is a failure as drama.

2. Do the characters seem real and are they worth knowing? * * * Unless these have a convincing sense of reality about them the play again fails.

3. Does the plot involve a conflict which rises steadily to a climax, maintaining proper suspense throughout? And is this conflict understandable to children?

4. Do the characters have to make important choices? Unless they do they are not entirely human. The bigger the central choice in a play, the bigger the play tends to be.

5. Is the theme clear and worth while?

6. Is the solution convincing?

7. Do the players, the director and the others responsible for the presentation of the drama succeed in making it vital and stimulating?

In addition:

1. Is it free from the kind of excitement that makes children scream, or bite their fingernails, or cling in terror to other children * * *? Children react three times as intensely as adults * * * they do not have what psychologists call the "adult discount" * * * to the child it is all very real and terrifying.

2. Does the stimulus to the imagination tend to create wholesome and beautiful pictures in the child's mind?

3. Does the story pictured encourage the kind of attitudes that you want your children to have?

4. Are the behavior patterns of the picture those you would like to see your child imitate? * * * No one knows how many millions of young girls, after seeing "Little Women," had a deeper appreciation of their mothers and sisters.

5. Is the scale of values presented in the picture the same scale as the one you have tried to instil in your child's mind at home? * * * is the picture built upon such values as can be described by the words unselfish, courageous, honest, hard-working, patient, kind, cheerful? Or are the values described rather by these: smart, sophisticated, daring, bold, big, thrilling, passionate, dazzling? These latter words may not describe America at its worst, but they express a kind of life that has lost all sense of spiritual values.—*E. T. B.*

Results of THE IMP
SUBSCRIPTION CONTESTS

WINNERS IN NUMBERS CONTEST

How the Stakes Finished

THE following list shows the percentage of quota each of the stakes in the Church reached:

1. Snowflake 150.2
2. Curlew 141.5
3. Union 132.5
4. Moapa 124.9
5. Minidoka 122.1
6. Juarez 121.7
7. Maricopa 118.3
8. Big Horn 116.2
9. Kanab 113.2
10. St. Joseph 111.2
11. Fremont 110.8
12. Los Angeles 109.4
13. Franklin 107.7
14. Star Valley 107
15. Hollywood 103.5
16. San Juan 100
17. North Weber 94
18. Yellowstone 88

GRAND CHAMPION

LIBERTY STAKE
Salt Lake City, Utah

V. Clyde Cummings and Bernice Austin, Directors

642 "ERAS"

	NUMBER	PRIZE
Liberty	*642*	*$25.00*
Los Angeles	*641*	*$22.50*
Ogden	*628*	*$20.00*
Hollywood	*570*	*$17.50*
Fremont	*566*	*$15.00*
St. Joseph	*525*	*$12.50*
Salt Lake	*515*	*$10.00*
Ensign	*514*	*$7.50*
North Weber	*490*	*$5.00*
Maricopa	*465*	*$2.50*



V. CLYDE CUMMINGS AND BERNICE AUSTIN, "ERA" DIRECTORS, LIBERTY STAKE, STANDING BESIDE 642 "ERAS"' THE NUMBER THEY AND THEIR WORKERS SOLD UP TO APRIL 15. "NOTE THAT PLEASED EXPRESSION."

Ward Workers Appreciated

"Of course," said Clyde Cummings, "we could not have sold 642 *Improvement Eras*—a stack nearly six feet high—had we not been supported by some splendid Ward Workers. We merely directed, they put the job through."

The same expression has been heard from many of the Stake Directors—they give great credit to those who actually went out and obtained the subscriptions.

Congratulations, Ward Workers!

19. Ogden 86
20. Shelley 84
21. Boise 82
22. San Francisco 82
23. Taylor 81
24. St. Johns 80
25. Lost River 78
26. Woodruff 77
27. Idaho 76
28. Bear Lake 72
29. Cache 72
30. Palmyra 72
31. Idaho Falls 70
32. Lethbridge 70
33. Logan 70
34. Lyman 70
35. Pocatello 70
36. Montpelier 69
37. Alberta 68
38. Ensign 68
39. North Davis 68
40. Benson 66
41. Mount Ogden 65
42. Salt Lake 65
43. Hyrum 64
44. Nevada 64
45. Panguitch 64
46. Bannock 62
47. Oneida 62
48. Timpanogos 62
49. San Luis 60
50. Uintah 60
51. Young 58
52. Blaine 57
53. Liberty 57
54. South Sanpete 56
55. Twin Falls 56
56. Rigby 55
57. Sevier 55
58. Lehi 54
59. Kolob 53
60. Malad 53
61. Deseret 52

This Labor of Love

THESE two pages almost move me to tears, because they represent such splendid achievement on the part of the people of the Church. The names of those twenty stakes might well be written in flame, and there are many others whose numbers or whose percentages do not show so well that should be along with them on account of the splendid service rendered by conscientious workers. These people must believe in *The Improvement Era* as we do!—*Melvin J. Ballard, Business Manager.*

ROVEMENT ERA

FINISHING APRIL 15, 1934

WINNERS IN PERCENTAGE CONTEST

62. Raft River 52
63. Portneuf 51
64. Burley 50
65. Morgan 50
66. South Davis 50
67. Boxelder 48
68. Teton 48
69. Bear River 47
70. Wasatch 47
71. Weber 46
72. St. George 45
73. Blackfoot 44
74. Emery 44
75. Juab 44
76. Alpine 42
77. East Jordan 42
78. Carbon 41
79. West Jordan 41
80. Cassia 40
81. Zion Park 40
82. Millard 39
83. Granite 38
84. North Sanpete 38
85. Utah 38
86. Garfield 36
87. North Sevier 34
88. Oquirrh 33
89. Roosevelt 33
90. Nebo 32
91. Grant 31
92. Sharon 31
93. South Sevier 31
94. Tintic 31
95. Duchesne 30
96. Summit 30
97. Cottonwood 29
98. Tooele 28
99. Beaver 26
100. Gunnison 25
101. Pioneer 25
102. Moroni 24
103. Parowan 23
104. Wayne 22

Sixteen Stakes Reach Quota

SIXTEEN stakes reached their quota and nearly two-thirds of them stood above fifty per cent of their quota on April 15. That is a good record, but those in charge of *The Improvement Era* hope it can be improved next year. The slogan for several years has been "A Magazine For Every Member Of The Family." Perhaps we can add to that "Of Every Family." The contest for numbers was exceedingly close. The cash prize was undoubtedly not the first consideration.

GRAND CHAMPION

SNOWFLAKE STAKE
Snowflake, Arizona
M. D. Bushman and Cynthia Flake, Directors
150.2 PERCENT OF QUOTA

	PERCENT	PRIZE
Snowflake	*150.2*	*$25.00*
Curlew	*141.5*	*$22.50*
Union	*132.5*	*$20.00*
Moapa	*124.9*	*$17.50*
Minidoka	*122.1*	*$15.50*
Juarez	*121.7*	*$12.50*
Maricopa	*118.3*	*$10.00*
Big Horn	*116.2*	*$7.50*
Kanab	*113.2*	*$5.00*
St. Joseph	*111.2*	*$2.50*

Contest Close

"The Contest proved to be surprisingly close," said O. B. Peterson, Assistant Business Manager of *The Improvement Era* when he audited the subscriptions. "There were a number of shifts among the leaders during the hours immediately preceding the close, April 15, especially in the contestants for numbers. We congratulate every participant."

M. D. BUSHAMN AND CYNTHIA FLAKE, "ERA" DIRECTORS, SNOWFLAKE STAKE, SHAKING HANDS AND CONGRATULATING EACH OTHER AND THEIR STAKE FOR GETTING A HIGHER PERCENTAGE OF "ERA" SUBSCRIPTIONS THAN ANY STAKE IN THE HISTORY OF THE MAGAZINE. ONE PILE SHOWS THEIR QUOTA; THE HIGH ONE THEIR ACCOMPLISHMENT.

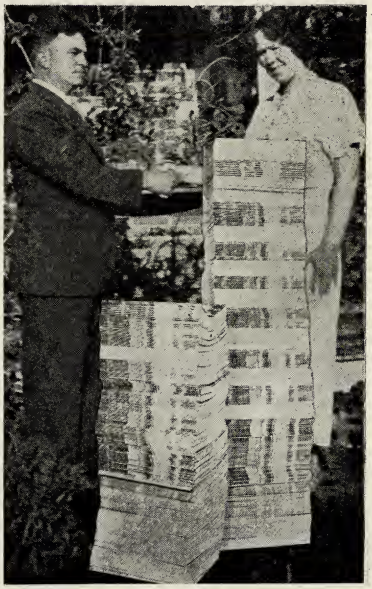
Wards Should Be Recognized

WE regret that space will not permit the names of all of the wards that reached their quota to appear on these pages. Many of them worked magnificently turning in the best record ever made in any subscription campaign. A few reached double their quota and at least one, the Shumway Ward of Arizona, placed an *Era* in every home. This year the branches in the Mission Fields have also been active turning in many subscriptions.

In all approximately 355 wards succeeded in reaching their quota. That is about one-third of all of the wards in the Church. Many wards of stakes which did not reach or approach their quotas went over the top magnificently.

Strangely enough the apparent wealth or lack of it in a community did not seem to affect the results of the campaign as many wards which seem to lack in physical wealth turned in their subscriptions to the magazine.

Now that 1933-34 has passed and everybody in M. I. A. is turning his face towards 1934-35, the battle cry is "Next Year!" What will next year do?



SECTION FOR BEGINNING WRITERS

Born to Write

By F. HOWARD FORSYTH

OUT of 100,000 people in the world who have the burning desire to write, all but an insignificant fraction waste the best of their lives in a vain hope for the impossible.

"Most of our expensive lessons are no different nor no better than a good two dollar text book on the subject.

"One of our pupils was lucky enough to win a $1000 prize and we have been boasting about that ever since.

"Our critic is nationally known,—we have been advertising him for years.

"We have made a great discovery about writing; that every other minute the sucker born is destined to nibble at writing."

Such can be read between the lines of any creative writing advertisement, and current magazines are full of them. An ever-increasing number of self-styled teachers of a wide range of reliability are catering to the popular demand for quick production of genius. Education has become so much of a god that many hope to become artists through mere attendance at a college or acceptance of correspondence installments. It would be difficult to calculate the great numbers whose belief they will some day be known writers depends upon nothing more than advance promises of a correspondence organization.

Yes, I was a sucker too!

Two years ago I read carelessly a well-worded advertisement revealing to me my vast possibilities and explaining that the secret hope of my life could be fulfilled. Up to that time I had been a relatively peaceful soul, but I saw no harm in sending for the writing aptitude test. Just to see what I thought of it. Of course, I could afterward take it or leave it.

But I could not, and I have not been the same since.

I filled in the blanks and mailed a money order for seventy-five dollars,—precious dollars. Thus the symptoms developed into the disease. I would not have believed it at that stage, but the case was already an advanced one.

The writing bug is not mythical. Answer one advertisement and you are afflicted for life. Some day a psychologist will explain the phenomenon.

I studied the course conscientiously and two years have passed.

Somehow my inevitable success has not materialized. I have not learned to write. I had expected so many things by now.

But I continue trying, mostly to disappoint a more conservative law of averages and learn to write despite the handicap of having once nursed such brilliant hopes.

The chances are enormously against me, and against any other gullible amateur who drinks in the aromatic nectar of popular advertising.

But the pathetic thing is that they keep on trying, or thinking of trying, as I am. Their dogged tenacity depends upon their having sunk so much money in the venture, or upon the relentless expectation of friends. Good psychology tells the promoters of correspondence courses that if they offer the instruction free no one would be even slightly interested.

If I ever have a son who contracts the disease, I will ask him to give me the sixty dollars he would have paid for a course in return for my giving him the instruction. Then I will ap-

Notice to Writers

THERE is some racketeering in the writing game. Because occasionally we hear of fabulous sums paid for manuscripts, and because writing looks easy and requires little capital investment, ambitious young people who would like to make easy money are deceived into patronizing so-called critics "who can make your manuscript salable." Many of these advertised critics are fakes as are some so-called literary agents who accept reading fees from beginning authors.

The new writer should beware. Before patronizing people who advertise themselves as agents and as critics, especially if a fee is charged, the writer should take the time to investigate their characters.

There are many reputable critics and sales agents. These are worthy of patronage if one is certain he wishes to write. Remember, something more than a desire to write is necessary. As with painting and any of the other arts, so is it with writing. Finished acceptable work is usually preceded by long and vigorous training. No artist would expect or even wish to sell his first sketch. Writers often think their first story, their first poem, their first article should be accepted by a magazine. Some are. But writing is an art. The author must first have worthwhile ideas and then in addition he must acquire the art of placing those ideas into artistic form.

Of course, we realize that no rules hold for geniuses, but there are few geniuses.

One or one's friends are not very good judges of the merits of one's work. One's enemies are likely to be his best critics—honest enemies. Classes in writing—creative writing—may be taken by correspondence from reputable universities and critics. There are those who say writing cannot be taught. We are not of that group. If a person has the brain-power sufficient to develop and to recognize ideas, the art of putting those ideas into proper form can be taught. There is, however, no royal road to success in writing any more than there is in any other vocation or avocation.

Note that this young Canadian has been studying TWO ENTIRE YEARS and is now discouraged. How far would an artist, a sculptor, even a brick layer or ditch digger get in two years? "Art is long," said the poet. Twenty years of one's life is not too much to give to the creation of one great poem, one great story, and some men and women have given a lifetime to the task.

"Be Not Faithless But Believing."

propriate the money and forget to instruct him. If he would ever learn to write, this procedure would drive him to it. Similar to taking a course, this would, rather than motivate, aggravate him to writing.

Now, after two years of effort I find myself wondering why I still persist when I know that I almost certainly will never become proficient. I do not believe that I was born to write, nor that I will ever make a comfortable living at it. And I have discovered that much of it is drudgery, a thing which a great many successful writers insist.

After self-analysis I confess I have been considerably influenced by the stories of great writers who have apparently risen in the face of every conceivable opposition.

I have repeatedly encountered in popular psychology the suggestion that there is enough of the unexplained in genius to reject any theory that greatness can be acquired deliberately. But once I had accepted my great destiny, no amount of the logical could erase the acceptance.

There is that illogical thing about the attitude of one who hopes to write. It is easy to convince him he may, but after that impossible to show him he will never write. This multiplies the sin of exploiting the credulity of men and women who might become useful in some other occupation.

So I offer this dirge before I renounce finally all effort toward creative writing. (I *hope* I will be able to renounce it!)

I would hope to secure the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation or some other philanthropic interest in reprinting this article and distributing it for ten dollars a copy—in order that beginning writers would read it at all—to everyone who expects to learn to write.

I hope they get my theme: friends, you can never do it—you were not "born to write."

What is a Poem, and Why?

THERE are, perhaps, as many definitions of poetry as there are individuals who have attempted to define it, and yet there remains much still indefinable. Poetry in all its phases, cannot be taught not even explained; it is so much a thing of spirit and emotion as well as form and language. We can, however, try to analyze the ends poetry hopes to achieve and its means of going about it.

Generally, poetry may be said to be the expression of emotional imaginative experience put into language which makes communication possible between poet and reader. The test of true poetry is its ability to carry people by the magic of its inspiration and language into a sharing of the poet's experience.

Let us examine "A Song" as an example.

Such deep and reverent pride is in my heart,
Such thanks for this wide land; there is no part
Of my impassioned soul but raptly cleaves
To every native thing—these tawny leaves,
These dusty hills, this hazy stretch of plain,
October sun and chill November rain.

Why should I not feel kin to this dark earth?
My race it was to which this soul gave birth;
The sturdy folk I spring from toiled and fought
Here to build home, and slowly, slowly wrought
Familiar miracles with seed and plow—
The once-dry wastes are fertile valleys now.

Heroes were they, this eager questing line
Of men who perished in a cause divine;
Of women, fragile instruments of fate,
To usher in a new race, strong and straight;
A tribe of gallant leaders, still unbowed,
Of these am I—why should I not be proud?

(*Rosannah Cannon, The Improvement Era, July,* 1931.)

Of what is this poem composed, and how?

First there was the author's conception of the poem and the inspiration which gave to her, new power of expression for a time. She did not see the theme of the poem develop bit by bit as the lines develop; she saw it all doubtless, before she wrote a word. True, in developing the thought for others to read, new words, images and figures were employed, but that was for the purpose of communication, not clarity to herself.

The great emotion—motive—theme—of the poem is gratitude, and in line after line it is felt, though never mentioned as such. The inspiration works not only through the general plan of the poem, but in its specific technique as well. Meter, rhyme, language—all combine to create the harmonious unity which in this particular poem is striking.

The author had a thought; while in her mind it engendered moods, interpretations, associations. The motive, combined with the moods and the associations, created the inspiration which, captured in language, became a poem.

The meter is deliberate and dignified enough to carry the theme:

"Such deep and reverent pride is in my heart,
Such thanks for this wide land
—"

Pride in what? Why give thanks for a wide land? Then "every native thing" has imagery which compels the reader to go back in imagination to native things of a land—elementals—beginnings.

"These tawny leaves, these dusty hills, this hazy stretch of plain—" all are so vividly descriptive as to ignite in the reader's mind unsuspected gladness over leaves and hills and plain. The experience is shared.

"Why should I not feel kin to this dark earth?" is a challenge; the rest of the stanza is indisputable.

"Familiar miracles with seed and plow" is a contrasting image piercing in its power of communication. Who could fail to know what she felt in writing of them?

"Heroes were they, this eager, questing line"—not just colorless old people of another day. Had

(*Continued on Page* 359)

Quick on the Pick-up

By
Virginia Cannon Nelson

THERE is a way to tell a story just as there is a way to make a good composition in a picture or in music. That way is the art or technique to be used. While stories differ greatly in form the beginner must bear in mind that there is something to be achieved by his story telling. Poe argued that there was a single effect to be produced upon the reader and that every "word, every sentence" should contribute to that effect.

The following is a so-called "pattern story." It is presented here in the hope that it will assist somebody to write better stories. While this exact pattern is not followed in every story, every story has a pattern. The writer must be conscious of this. The pianist must learn the scales and to run them expertly before she can learn to play; her technique must become a part of her before she can really interpret properly.

Mrs. Nelson states in a letter accompanying her story: "The plot which was given to us in our writing class was about as follows: 'A college girl named Gail Ashton, of the sophisticated, slightly athletic type, leaves the Ashton summer home in a nearby canyon in her roadster, to attend a party set for that evening in the city. On the way down she picks up a hiker wearing a college award sweater, who turns out to be an upper-classman from a New York college, who has been at the C. C. C. Camp. Gail's parents are in town and it is understood that Gail's brother's evening clothes may be borrowed.'

"The technique we were advised to follow was to open the story with action, followed by a retrospect in which a conflict is introduced, or elaborated upon; then we were to advance the story to a minor climax, still more to a second minor climax, and then to a greater climax—the climax of the first character—and then we were to finish with the denouement. The point of view was to be that of the principal character."

It might be well to read the story through before observing the notes at the side. Then come back and read the notes.

GAIL ASHTON smoothed a beret down over her right eyebrow, settled her suede belt more snugly around her trim waistline, and skimmed lightly down the steps of the Ashton summer cottage to her roadster. She looked vividly competent as she swung in at the wheel, put the car in gear, and headed toward the highway. From the porch her brother, Bob, shouted, "Hey! Why don't you go up to the camp and give some C. C. C. a break?"

Gail slowed up long enough to yell back, "Not a chance! It's the call of the open road and the first man I run across!" As Bob grinned, she challenged, "What'll you bet I get a date?" She waved and sped on down the road.

Action—the conflict hinted at.

THE airy manner Gail affected was an attempt to show a nonchalance she was far from feeling. Her confidence was a pose. It isn't always easy, at least during the summertime, to secure a partner for the evening at half an hour's notice and that was what Gail had to do in order to attend the Beta Kappa dinner dance, the annual summer affair of her sorority. For just a few minutes before the time she was scheduled to leave Brighton for the city, Bob had arrived and brought word from town that Johnny Cox, escort, would be unable to make the party. This was not the first time her boy friend, Johnny, had let her down. He was a good natured boy and no doubt kind to his relatives, but his ideas were extremely vague as to promptness and dependability. This attitude had irked Gail before, on many memorable occasions. The fact that Johnny was still out of town, and that a job was a job in this era of depression, seemed not to alleviate the situation. Gail felt that as far as she was concerned, he was "washed up." But that didn't solve the problem of what to do for the party. She couldn't think of skipping it. It was positively an institution and regarded sacredly. But everyone really eligible had been dated long ago. All the others were out of town. Gail hated the idea of relatives or of anyone infantile, but as she drew the line at married men, Bob had seemed the only straw at which to clutch. Bob, however, had slid out of that possibility with finality. He already had a date and he wouldn't wear a "tux" on a summer night.

Retrospect elaborating upon the problem or conflict. Explanations make her subsequent actions plausible and not too objectionable.

anyway. Gail hadn't insisted, for the prospect hadn't appeared so very thrilling to her, either. And when Bob, probably feeling a trifle remorseful at having been the bearer of bad news, had made an offer of his own evening clothes to anyone Gail could "shanghai" for the occasion, she had to admit, that at least it was an idea.

After all, the canyon was rather an intimate and well known neighborhood, most of the families having been original settlers who spent each summer together. She wouldn't be taking much of a risk, for though he proved a stranger, the chances were that the man would be a guest of one of her friends. The probability was that quite a few would be entertaining week-end guests and that she'd be meeting them on their way up. She resolved she'd hail the first car that offered any kind of a solution.

Action resumed—Gail is seeking her opportunity. Cars pass without offering opportunity.

GAIL surveyed the horizon with interest. The idea of a blind date rather intrigued her. It did offer advantages in the way of duplicating "lines" she previously found to be effective and successful. She wouldn't have to exert herself to a new repertoire of entertainment and she had stored away for future reference what should prove to be very delectable.

Each bend in the road became a thrill of suspense. Suddenly from down the road came the sound of a car in gear. Maybe this was her glorious adventure. Gail tried not to count too much on the possibility and she was right. For, as the car came near, it turned out to be a strictly family group, children and paper bags very much in evidence. So was the next car and the next. Only once did Gail see a lone male, but he was both relative and married. It began to look as though a chance encounter might not even materialize. Between cars, Gail employed the time in wondering just what she'd say to the man, in case she could find one, and how she'd explain him to her parents in town. It would require great tact in both cases, she feared. Picking up strangers had been one of the forbidden things. And just how could one word an invitation to a stranger? Suppose the man turned out to be the socially impossible kind! Could she laugh it off to the Beta Kappa sisters? So absorbed was Gail in the possibility that she was completely startled as she rounded a corner, when she came full on a young man sauntering down the road.

The opportunity presents itself in a young hitch-hiker.

GAIL quickly applied the brakes and pulled up to his side. The young man looked up as she did so and Gail was agreeably surprised to see that the sweater he wore flaunted on its front a college letter. In fact, three stripes on his left arm confirmed her impression that he was a "letter" man. In that instant she also noted that his eyes were nice; all ready to crinkle with laughter. They did so, as Gail, adjusting her hat a trifle farther over her right eyebrow, said carelessly, "May I take you somewhere?"

The road hiker's response was immediate and whole hearted. "Anywhere, lady; anywhere," he assured her.

Gail experienced immediate relief. He looked so "darned" eligible; good looking, good humored, and like a pretty smooth dancer, if she could judge at all by his athletic build and the easy way he slid in beside her. Moreover, he looked to be just about Bob's rangy height; huskier, of course, but the "tux" might fit at that.

Action resumed—She has picked up her man—now what will result?

Aloud Gail began, "Young man, will you tell me why on a canyon road, you waste all the refulgence of that college award sweater? Just suppose I hadn't happened along to be impressed!"

"Lady," the Pick-up assured her, "hope springs eternal in the breasts of young men. I wore that sweater 'a purpose to save wear and tear on my shoes the ten or twelve miles to town."

"Fresh!" interposed Gail. "Just fresh, is the answer. Well, we stop right here, and we'll see how far that supreme conceit of yours gets you with the next lady driver who comes along. I'm too fed up now on these contented men—."

Before Gail could pretend to carry out her threat, the man interrupted her coaxingly with, "Ah, lady, don't say you didn't notice my smile. Why, that smile is supposed to be a graduation certificate from Salesmanship 2 course. It is supposed to be fool-proof and guaranteed to have no doors slammed in my face. Lady, if you only knew what your testimonial would mean to me—" and he raised his eyes heavenward.

"Just spare me the details, this time, Stranger. Your smile is as good as a ride to town," said Gail. "Anyway, there was a reason for this madness, and said reason still remains. Otherwise, your person, for aught to me, would still be trudging down this long, long trail."

"So there is a reason," echoed the Pick-up. "And I always thought that reason for things, as far as women were concerned, went out of style along with hoop skirts!"

"There is a reason," firmly reiterated Gail, "and I may as well tell you right now that you're going to have to pay for your ride. That's what!"

"Go on, 'Olivia,' I am following you," urged the erstwhile hiker. "I have been known ere this as a man who pays and pays. But the conditions, woman, the conditions—," he coaxed. "If it is running out of gas you contemplate; as a full-back, I'm a good pusher."

"Wrong again," laughed Gail; "but know, then, that I am a woman deserted; a woman let down at the last moment, so to speak, with the Beta Kappa dinner-dance scheduled for the evening. You are not going to be asked to accompany me. You are going to be commanded. If you happen to be married, or engaged for the evening, just break it to me gently and let me down by degrees. Any other objection I guarantee shall be overcome. If you've only your khaki along with you, we can ease you into my brother Bob's evening clothes. It will all be perfectly proper, the parents being at home and everything. Well, what do you say? Better think fast, if you want to slide out, now."

Another minor climax—he has heard her proposition, what will be his reply?

WELL, for the first time since coming to Utah, I confess I am stumped for a reply. It looks as though there's just no way out of it," he went on teasingly, "and I'll have to give in and go with you. I just can't seem to think of a good excuse, offhand."

"Then," said Gail relievedly, "maybe it would be a good idea, now that that's settled, for you to tell me your name and your political party. It won't take us long to arrive home, and the family are just the kind that expect to be introduced."

"The full name," her companion said impressively, "is Richard Aldington Wright—Dick, to you. I hail, as you have no doubt divined by my twang, from your own state. The political powers that be, plus Dad's drag with them, have given him a job in New York the last four years and me a slant at New York U. Hence the sweater."

"And your job here?" catechized Gail.

"Oh, just some more government drag, this time with the C. C. C. officers, and a chance to put some good red corpuscles in my emaciated body," Dick answered with a grin. "It was the family's idea of a vacation."

By the time they had reached the point of the mountain, where the road leads swiftly down into the valley below, with the lake in the west, like a romantically colored backdrop to the symmetrical scene of the city, Gail's anticipation of the delights of the party had mounted to a rapture. Everything seemed to have taken on a glamorous aspect—a glamor partly due to summertime, and fragrant, still evenings; a glamor, partly of youth and heady emotions; but a glamor mainly due to the arresting picture in Gail's mind of music, dancing, and a dark head bent to hers —laughing, daring, playing. Gail's thoughts grew dreamy and romantic. Their bantering mood had passed. Their silence grew expressive.

Gail suddenly became conscious of the lapse in their conversation and of the fixity of Dick's eyes upon her. She tried to evade their serious import by resuming their light repartee, but Dick ignored it.

BETTER pull over to the side of the road, Gail. I've got something on my mind."

Something wrong —he asks Gail to pull over to the side of the road. What's in the air?

Gail obeyed. She tried to say lightly, "Ah, I suppose you want to retract. Tired of your bargain already! Well," she was trying to laugh, "unburden yourself. Women have been let down before this and have survived." She knew she was being tantalizing and rather enjoyed it.

Dick grinned. "Woman's intuition speaking, I presume," he said drily. "Well, as the Walrus said, I fear the time has come. The heroine has just given the villain his cue, which is 'Good-bye' and exit from the stage."

"I think," said Gail, puzzled, "you must have left out some lines. The script doesn't sound very coherent."

"Well, maybe I can rehearse them for you," said Dick meekly. "The villain aspired to the heroine at the beginning of the story—the first of the summer, in fact. You wouldn't know that, of course, for every time he ever got within speaking distance of her, she had so many swains in tow, she couldn't even see him, literally or figuratively. Well, the villain still pursued.

Dick confesses— What will Gail do?

Incredulous, Gail stared at him. "Your play's no good," she scoffed. "Do you think I could ever have forgotten you, if I had once seen you."

"But that's just it," said Dick, "you couldn't even see me. Well, the last act is about to begin. The villain gets word he must ankle immediately to New York. He is desperate. He wants the heroine to fall for him in a big way, for he contemplates an early and permanent return to Utah and he wants to stake a claim before he

departs. So he and a confederate,—Bob Ashton, your amiable brother by the way, concoct a plot. They send a fake message to the heroine that her hero, one Johnny Cox, will be unable to attend the ball with her. Then, the villain plants himself down the road and lies in wait, aha, for the heroine. Lousy stunt, wasn't it?"

Gail was still having a difficult time to follow the explanation. "And supposing I hadn't stopped to pick you up?" she queried; "weren't you betting big odds?"

"Nope, gambling's usually crooked—that was all provided for," said Dick. "In case I thought you weren't slowing down, I was to signal you and pretend I had turned my ankle or something. Then, we figured, I'd have about ten miles to make myself so endearing to you that you'd be willing to duck your dancing party and go to the Hermitage for dinner with me. In the meantime, though your Cox friend put in an appearance, it wouldn't matter, for we'd be away by then. Very sporting, wasn't it? I nearly lost heart on the highway when I heard your Chev. coming down the road. But it was my last chance, so I looked at you as wistfully as I could. But gosh, you've been so swell about it that I can't go through with it,—and here I am going honest on you!"

It's all over—the story just flatted out—but did it? Let's see what happens.

GAIL forced herself to say lightly, "Don't take it so hard, partner. Next time, just carry a little bottle of ammonia with you, though. Some of these maidens, you know, might unwittingly faint on your hands, from disappointment. And you really should be able to see them through in your best full-back fashion." All the while she was trying to stifle the flat feeling of being let down. She tried to say brightly, "Well, shall we get on? My Cox friend will be arriving, with me in the cold cream stage, if I don't hurry." (Just as though she cared—now!) Then Gail suggested to him, "You'll come in for a moment and meet the family, won't you? I'd really like you to."

"Oh, I'd rather not, if you don't mind," said Dick. "Even a villain, I believe, has some kind of a code."

"Please do," insisted Gail, "it's the one thing that you can do for me; and after all you really owe me something to make up for the disappointment, you know."

GAIL started the car, and in a very short time, or so it seemed to both of them, they were at Gail's front door.

The house, after the brightness outside, seemed quiet and deserted. "Oh, Mother," called Gail, "where are you all?"

At Gail's call an upstairs door opened and her mother came out on the balcony and leaned over the bannister. "Oh hello, Gail," she answered, and then as she peered down she added, "I expected you sooner. I'd been wondering what on earth you were going to do about tonight. But I see you already have a young man with you. Johnny Cox phoned an hour ago from Evanston that he couldn't make it for the party tonight."

Gail looked at Dick. He nodded. She remembered what he had said about his smile, and believed him.

"Mother," laughed Gail, "come on down and let me present Dick—Mr. Wright—properly. You know you've always said I'm quick to pick up things."

The denouement—things do get on after all. We're afraid Johnny Cox has missed a date just once too many times.

THE END

What is a Poem, and Why?

(*Continued from Page* 355)

she said "Heroes were they, this weary burdened line," would there have been vigor in the verse? What power do the words eager and questing have!

In the line "Of women, fragile instruments of fate," unerring felicity is shown in the choice of words. Fragile, in this connection, ignites in the imagination of the reader a train of glorious admiration.

The final lines, "A tribe of gallant leaders, still unbowed, Of these am I—why should I not be proud?" rise to a climax of undeniable power and beauty; the reader has been made to live in the light of the poet's imaginative experience, and carried to heights of emotional unity will all through the ages who are proud of a heritage and of the line from which they came.

Some few subjects are better fitted to prose than poetry, but usually if a theme has imaginative possibilities—that is, the ability to be relived in memory or anticipation—it can be made the motive of a poem.

But always the message from poet to reader must carry a sense of discovery, excitement, communication, understanding. That this may be achieved there must be motive, inspiration, form and technique—together they may result in a poem.—*E. T. B.*

Next month poems from new writers will be printed in this department.

BOOK REVIEWS



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By Claude Richards

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You cannot be your best unless you think your best, because:

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LIGHTS and SHADOWS on the SCREEN

THE Preview Committees of both East and West Coasts have compiled lists of pictures of the first four months of 1934 which are suitable for family audiences. Perhaps if you requested local exhibitors to show those among the pictures which have not already been exhibited you would find yourselves better satisfied with the screen fare at your disposal.

1. Alice in Wonderland (Par.).
2. Before the White Man Came. (Astor).
3. David Harum (Fox).
4. The Dream of my People (Palestime-American).
5. Harold Teen (Warners).
6. The House of Rothschild (20th Century).
7. I Am Suzanne (Fox).
8. Midshipman Jack (R. K. O.).
9. Mr. Skitch (Fox).
10. No Greater Glory (Columbia).
11. The Poor Rich (Universal).
12. The Quitter (Chesterfield).
13. Sixteen Fathoms Deep (Monogram).
14. Smoky (Fox).
15. Sorrell and Son (United Artists' Release).
16. Straightaway (Columbia).
17. Sweden, Land of Vikings (John W. Boyle).
18. This Side of Heaven (M. G. M.).
19. Thundering Herd (Par.).
20. You Can't Buy Everything (M. G. M.).
21. Wild Cargo (R. K. O.).
22. As the Earth Turns.

Reviews and Previews

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (*Fox*): The story of a young man who feels that all men seek to make and mold each others' lives and tries to escape them by running away. The world war calls him back and he finds himself in a net more binding than the first. The picture is charmingly done, and excellent for *Adults and Young Adults.*

GLAMOUR (*Universal*): This somewhat involved story of a woman's allure and success is not quite believable nor satisfying; however it has lovely scenes of delicacy and suspense, and is appealing in spots for *Adults and Young Adults.*

LAUGHING BOY (*M. G. M.*): In this familiar story of the differing standards of Red man and White, tragedy follows, with an almost too heavy result. *Not for Children, but others might enjoy it.*

LITTLE MISS MARKER (*Par.*): A delightful bit of refreshing hokum, blending fantasy and realism, and told with fine shading of pathos and comedy. *Adults and Adolescents.*



MISS JEAN MUIR, WHO PLAYS THE LEAD IN "AS THE EARTH TURNS"

For the benefit of M. I. A. visitors at June Convention, the Paramount management has agreed to run this picture on the 7th, 8th and 9th of June.

AS THE EARTH TURNS (*Warners*): This story pictures, with simplicity and sincerity, the dependence on the soil and conflict with nature of three New England families. It moves in a leisurely fashion, as does the book, through the four seasons of a year, and in it lies a charm not traceable alone to the beautiful photography, fine acting or sensitive directing, but as well to a spirit of peace which is delightful in a moving picture. The book from which this was taken was an M. I. A. reading course volume for the past season. *Family.*

MEN IN WHITE (*M. G. M.*): Impressive story of hospital life, brilliantly executed, with moments of intensity lightly relieved by comedy touches. Ethical confusion for young people is probable, but the picture is well done for *Adults.*

THE PARTY'S OVER (*Columbia*): A young man sees the uselessness of trying to support a flock of parasitical relatives, and goes forth to further his life's ambition, with more than average entertainment value for *Family.*

SIDE STREETS (*Warners*): Story of a great-hearted woman's struggle for happiness, Aline MacMahon making the character believable. *Adults.*

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE (*R. K. O.*): With the ruthless struggle for money and power as its theme, the story is unhappy and even sordid in places, with a strange anti-climax at the end. *Not for Children.*

THE MERRY FRINKS (*Warners*): Rollicking, boisterous comedy of three children at cross purposes with impossible set of elders. Amusing if you like hokum and slapstick. *Adults and Young Adults.*

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY (*Fox*): Romantic, satirical farce, with some good comedy but no sparkle. *Adults and Young People who like this type.*

STRICTLY DYNAMITE (*R. K. O.*): Behind the scenes radio story, with Durante's absurdities too many to be funny. Children would be bored.

YOU'RE TELLING ME (*Par.*): Small town inventor is boosted into success and prominence by intervention of a princess. Funny of its type for *Adults and Adolescents.*

STINGAREE (*R. K. O.*): A Robin Hood bandit sort of thing, with some dizzying changes of scenery and Irene Dunne not up to her usual style. *Adults and Young Adults.*

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (*Par.*): A light-hearted musical comedy, utterly nonsensical and implausible, but tuneful and clean in theme except for some minor vulgarities and unnecessary drinking. Not for children, but rest of *Family.*

WILD CARGO (*R. K. O.*): Amazing scenes of trailing, trapping and caging fierce wild animals, with delightful comedy with pelicans, baby bears and monkeys. *Family.*

THE BLACK CAT (*Universal*): Gruesome mystery adequately told and well filmed; entertaining for Adults who like the kind. *Not for children.*

THE DOUBLE DOOR (*Par.*): Weird story of embittered spinster who tries to wreck the happiness of others. Some interesting characterizations for *Adults and Young Adults.*

FOG OVER FRISCO (*Warners*): Story of an irresponsible society girl who implicates herself with a gang of crooks and meets her death. *Adults and Young Adults who like detective stories.*

HE WAS HER MAN (*Warners*): Plot and counterplot, cheap love and real love, false standards and true standards make the drama, with integrity winning out. Fairly interesting for *Adults and Young Adults.*

I'LL TELL THE WORLD (*Univ.*): Newspaper melodrama telling an implausible story of intrigue connected with the attempted return of a queen to her people. *Adults and Young Adults, if they like the type.*

JOURNAL OF A CRIME (*Warners*): Psychological study of a woman's crime. Suspense held up until the end. *Adults.*

MOON OVER MOROCCO (*French Production*): Photographed in the actual locale, the picture is interesting in its record of strange ceremonials, sports, chants, white robes, fluttering headgears, mysterious background and rhythmical accompaniment. Story unconvincing and exaggerated. *Not for Children.*

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* MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD *

Topic for Melchizedek Priesthood Group Meeting

(See Quorum Bulletin, 2nd Quarter.)

June—Second Week

FROM FOURTEEN TO TWENTY

By special permission of Ginn & Co., Publishers of "The Next Generation," by Francis Gulick Jewett, Chapter 18

IN 1897, for the sake of gathering facts, Dr. Luther H. Gulick wrote a letter in which he asked a large group of men certain definite questions. Among these questions were the following:

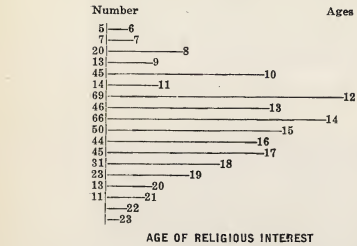
1. At what age were you first deeply affected by religious influences?

2. At what age did you become a Christian?

3. At what age did you unite with the Church?

A copy of his letter was sent to the general secretary of each Young Men's Christian Association in the United States and in Canada.

Five hundred and ninety answers came back. Dr. Gulick studied these carefully, put all answers of the same kind together, made out tables of classified figures, and printed them for the benefit of other investigators. He was as surprised as anyone at what he found.

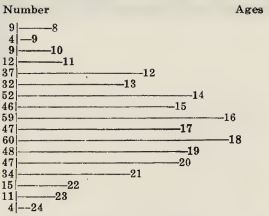


AGE OF RELIGIOUS INTEREST

The tables showed that in the vast majority of cases the one special choice which turned the lives of the men upward instead of downward was made between the ages of fourteen and twenty.

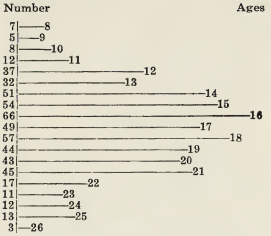
Since such tables are even more interesting to young people than to their elders, they are given here in full.

Other tables illustrate the same point. Mr. Starbuck gathered material and made out charts both for men and for women. These show the same general facts which Dr. Gulick brought out.



AGE OF CONVERSION

They also show that in general girls made decisions at an earlier age than boys did. This is because young girls are usually more mature than boys of the same age.



AGE OF JOINING THE CHURCH

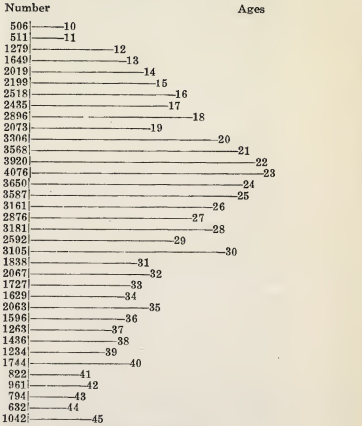
There are also tables of choices of another sort. Dr. Gulick studied the report on crime and pauperism, given in the Eleventh Census of the United States. From this report he made another set of statistical tables.

These show that the average age of those who were in prison at the time the reports were made out was twenty-three years. Now this is so much older than the period of conversion given in the previous tables, that we wonder if decisions for evil are made later in life than those for good. Dr. Gulick says the reports do not show when the men were put in prison, but that the "average length of a man's sentence to prison in America is 4.07 years," and that we may assume that, on the average, half of the sentences of these men had expired. This "would make the average on entering prison, of the maximum group, twenty-one instead of twenty-three years." Then he adds, "If now we could find the age at which these individuals were committed to prison for their first crime, it would be much younger yet, but this is impossible and must be left to conjecture." He closes by saying, "The tremendous fact remains that more individuals take to criminal life at twenty or under than at any or all other periods of life combined." His claim indeed is that first decisions, both for good and for evil, fall within the adolescent period. What is this period? we ask. What are the signs and symptoms of it? Since knowledge leads to self-control, the following facts are important.

In all forms of life the time is sure to come when a great change transforms the outlook of things for each individual. Up to this point the body has been growing continuously. It has taken nourishment, has developed after the fashion of its ancestors, has been influenced by its environment, and has become vigorous or frail according as the conditions of food and of health have favored or hindered its development.

Each step of this process goes on for a definite length of time. But it is all mere preparation, for at the end of it every creature that survives childhood enters on what proves to be the most significant era in its history.

Until the dawn of this new era, nature germ cells are not found in the growing body. Now, however, the special material which has been there since birth, becomes active, and the body, as it develops in new directions, accommodates its growing to the demands which germ cells place upon it.



AGE OF IMPRISONMENT

This table shows the total number of criminals for each year who were between the ages of ten and forty-five years. Both prisoners and inmates of reformatory institutions were included. The finures on the right indicate the ages. The figures on the left indicate the number of persons of the given age; that is, there were 506 who were ten years old, 511 who were eleven years old, etc.

For human beings no period of life is more full of fateful import than the years between fourteen and twenty. When the era opens, the person is a

simple child with childish thoughts, childish interests and ambitions. When the era ends, the person has become a man with his greatest decisions of life already made, with the destiny of the rest of his life practically settled. And this spiritual development goes parallel with a development of the body.

Each organ, bone, and muscle now speeds its growing. Arms and legs stretch out so far that sometimes they seem altogether too long. For boys the shoulders broaden, the back grows stronger, the jaw is firmer, the biceps and other muscles grow bigger. In every physical direction of height, weight, and strength, the body clearly indicates that it is preparing for maturity.

All these changes are, in point of fact, the physical gateway to manhood. Nature is developing a man, the highest product of evolution, one who will become the ancestor of others like himself.

The transformation is just as real for a girl. Her form grows rounder; her voice becomes sweeter and richer. Everything points to maturity. Her cells too are preparing themselves for a next generation.

In the meantime, for boys and girls alike, the emotional nature keeps step with the physical. Every sense grows more keen, more alert. New sensations are at hand, new ambitions, new hopes, new fears. Some are so intense that the youth hardly knows himself, while imagination seems to lead the way with a flaming torch. Nothing is beyond its reach.

Boys now read tales of great adventure and count themselves the equal of the heroes. They study science with enthusiasm. Machinery of every sort fascinates them—wireless telegraphy and the telephone, steam engines, and the aeroplane. They wish to know where life comes from, what it really is, and what relation the generations of the past bear to those of the future. It is just now that passions become strong. It is during these years that boys meet some of the great temptations of life. If they can keep their craft steady as it whirls through the adolescent years, they may be trusted to guide it safely thereafter.

On every side great subjects appeal to the imagination and spread themselves before the eager gaze of boys who first really begin to grasp the splendor of life during their years of rapid change. At the same time these boys grow so fast that hands and feet seem to be in the way. They are awkward in the presence of older people and of girls. They begin to shave and to think more about their personal appearance. They wish to do such things as seem most manly.

It is during this period that many boys, if they are ignorant of scientific facts about tobacco, begin to smoke. They do this innocently, not knowing about the harm which may follow. They take to smoking not because the odor or the taste or the sight of tobacco pleases them, but simply because just now smoking seems to them a great and manly deed. The mere fact that a boy begins to smoke in his teens shows that he is passing through the period of life when he wishes to be counted manly. Almost unconsciously he aims for the admiration of his fellows. Sometimes he is even lawless for the same reason.

Friends who watch the changing boy wait anxiously for the outcome. Sometimes he himself is perplexed. He should be told that, whether he wills it so or not, he himself is the prophet of his own future. He must know that while imagination and ambition have their hold on the rudder of his craft, self-control and will power stand there, too. He must not forget that, for good or for evil, character develops as fast as cells multiply, and that, by his own choosing, he himself decides what the nature of his character development shall be.

During this adolescent period girls find themselves more self-conscious than formerly, more subject to the blues, more given to reverie, more critical of themselves and others. Often they are shy and awkward, while at the same time some of them giggle at everything and at nothing. In fact giggling is one of the symptoms of their shyness. They begin to think more about their clothes, their looks, and their manners, and about boys and what will please them. Some girls become unexpectedly forward; others find themselves sensitive and tearful—so much so that their parents and friends sigh and exclaim, "What in the world is the matter with her? She doesn't seem at all like herself lately."

Let no one worry, least of all the girl herself. The period of change will come to an end; and after a while she will lose whatever she may now have of unusual boldness or of awkwardness, of shyness, of giggles, or of tears. For, despite them all, even now she grows constantly more attractive in appearance and more winsome in manner. She is becoming more womanly and gracious day by day. She cares more for the welfare of others, feels more sympathy for those who suffer, grows ambitious to excel in all lines of endeavor, sometimes takes the highest rank in her classes, is in danger of living under high nervous pressure, and must be protected against herself by those to whom she is dearest.

It is during these same years that girls dream daydreams and are tempted to overdo the reading of fiction. Much reading of this kind is harmful, because it abnormally stimulates the imagination and the emotions. Girls as well as boys meet strong temptations during these years; girls as well as boys make or mar their future by the decisions made just now.

Indeed, no transformation of chrysalis into butterfly is ever more wonderful than this change of human beings from childhood to manhood and womanhood. It is therefore essential that those who pass through the transformation should have no false notions about it. For some the change comes earlier, for some later; for some one kind of temptation is strongest, for others another kind of temptation. But, whether one experience comes or another, whether life turns this way or that, the adolescent era and all that goes with it is part of the universal life of humanity, and it is during this era that decisions count for most.

At the close of this chapter come two quoted conclusions:

1. "The period of special instability of the moral life is the adolescent period."

2. "This is the period in which the moral surroundings of the individual should be most carefully guarded. It is the storm-and-stress period. It is the period during which life's moral fiber is usually formed."

For these reasons, then, those who find themselves within the zone of the adolescent years are wise when they attend to everything that strengthens body, mind, and will power.* Habits both good and bad, habits of health and of character, or the reverse, formed now will, in all likelihood, hold until death. Thus it is that the destiny of man's life does not depend upon the Fates, as the ancients thought, but upon his own choices, during the adolescent years.

He may send his future prospects upward or downward according to the decisions of his unhindered will. And, more serious than anything else, whether he wills it so or not, in deciding his own fate, in forming his own habits, he often decides the habits and settles the fate of his descendants for generations yet to come.

The next chapter deals with one of these habits (smoking)—a habit which is able to affect the welfare of future generations, and for this reason cannot be ignored by such a book as this.

*For fact about will power see "Control of Body and Mind," Chaps. XXV and XXVII.

Ponder These Two Ideas

I TRUST everything, under God, to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance,—habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from the wonted course."—*Lord Brougham.*

HABIT is the approximation of the animal system to the organic. It is a confession of failure in the highest function of being, which involves a perpetual self-determination, in full view of all existing circumstances."—*Holmes.*

* WARD TEACHING *

Cache Stake Reports Success in Aaronic Priesthood Ward Teaching

By President W. M. Everton of the Stake Presidency

THE stake and ward Aaronic Priesthood supervisors are the ones who are directly responsible for the work of the acting teachers in the Cache Stake. With these men in charge it is easily understood why teachers and priests are given first call when new members of the acting teachers force are needed. Members of the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums are called to assist only when there are no available teachers or priests. In some wards nearly all the members of the acting teachers force are members of the Aaronic Priesthood quorums. In other wards there are not so many boys and it is necessary to call members of the Melchizedek quorums to assist. Each month the Stake Presidency prepares a mimeographed letter of instructions for the acting teachers. These letters are written especially to assist the young boys. Each teacher is provided with a copy of the letter.

When older men are called in to assist the boys in this work, we have found best results by assigning the older men to work in pairs rather than to ask them to accompany the members of the Aaronic Priesthood in their visits.

This system has been in operation for more than two years. We are very much pleased with the results and would not think of going back to the old system. We have had dozens of our members report to us the pleasure that the visits of these young men have given them. However we do not wish to give the impression that this is an easy way to get the ward teaching done. Boys under 20 years of age need more supervising than older men. Any neglect of duty on the part of the supervisors is reflected immediately in the reports of the teachers.

Teaching in the Home

By Charles B. Felt

THE Word of the Lord. The Lord has decreed that His people shall be brought to a unity of the faith, has restored the priesthood and given many instructions as to the exercise of that priesthood; among others that those holding it "shall preach, teach, expound, exhort, * * * and visit the house of each member, and exhort the people to pray vocally and in secret, and attend to all family duties; and strengthen them, and see that there is no iniquity in the Church, neither hardness with each other, neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking; and see that the Church meet together often and also see that all members do their duty."—Doc. and Cov. 20.

Again the Lord says, "And I give unto you a commandment, that you teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom; teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand."—Doc. and Cov. 88:77, 78.

A Test of Love. Is it not reasonable for us to suppose that the test of our love for the Lord will be the same as it was with Peter, as disclosed in the conversation found in John 21:15-17: "So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs. He saith unto him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep. He saith unto him the third time, Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep."

To properly perform the great duties of ward teacher requires: the authority of the priesthood; a knowledge of the gospel; a love for the work, and a determination to do one's duty.

Your Bank

By W. Alonzo Parks

YOU have an account with a Bank which will never fail. No pass books are issued. The accounts are kept by the Supreme Bookkeeper of the Universe.

Your checks are on file. They are a record of your transgressions.

Forgery is impossible; the records are correct.

There is a Bank Examiner named Conscience who permits you a frequent look into the conditions of your account.

Accounts are sometimes suddenly closed.

When yours is closed, what will your balance be?

Ward Teachers' Message for July, 1934

Prepared by OSCAR W. McCONKIE, under appointment of the Presiding Bishopric

The Atonement

(See II Nephi 9)

THE FALL

THE wage of sin is death, thus, through the fall, all men became mortal, subject to death, and were banished from God's presence. This bodily and spiritual death, resulting from an individual act, (not sexual but the eating of earthly foods), except for an infinite atonement, would have estranged man from God forever, as all mortal flesh must die, and, save for the atonement, would rise no more. The spirit also would have been subjected to the power of evil, becoming an angel to the devil, even like unto him.

ATONEMENT

But the blessed doctrine of the atonement, comprising "proof of the divinity of Christ's earthly ministry, and the vicarious nature of His death as a foreordained and voluntary sacrifice, intended for and efficacious as a propitiation for the sins of mankind, thus becoming the means whereby salvation may be secured," gives assurance that the body is taken up from the grave and the spirit released from captivity, and explains the gradation of glories made possible through Jesus Christ.

EFFECT

The atonement has a two-fold effect: (1) It redeems the race from physical death, and (2) provides a means of relief from individual sin. Thus all shall come forth with resurrected bodies, and through the mediation of Christ, "invoked through faith, repentance, and continued works of righteousness," every soul may hope for a reconciliation with God. Spiritual death and the grave shall deliver up their captive dead, who shall stand before God for judgment. The filthy shall be filthy still, but the righteous, those who have "endured the crosses of the world, and despised the shame of it, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

WHY JESUS?

Jesus Christ, the earth's sole innocent subject, was exempt from Satan's power. As the only begotten Son He possessed attributes of Godhood, and through his mother attributes of manhood, with power to die or to live, to lay down his life and to take it up again. He was ordained a Redeemer and became the author of salvation. His work was so love inspired that He assumed charge of the destiny of mankind, that He might bring to pass man's immortality and eternal life.

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

Adult Aaronic Priesthood Outlines

ONE of the outstanding successes in the work of Adult Aaronic Priesthood classes is that of the Ninth Ward of Logan Stake. Information recently furnished to the Presiding Bishopric shows that the spirit of this new movement in the Church has been caught by the ward officers and that the plan is being utilized to the fullest extent.

The class was organized in November 30, 1933, and by April 23 had a total enrollment of 63. The attendance has reached as high as 58 at one meeting. The average attendance for the five month period was 75.28%. This is the highest average attendance of any quorum in the ward and the ward has an average attendance among the highest in the Church.

The class is under the direction of Elder George W. Skidmore and seven aids. The work is divided among them with each aid acting as a supervisor responsible for contacting a certain number of the members. The enrollment has increased steadily and now includes practically the entire adult Aaronic Priesthood of the ward as well as six Elders and one Seventy who have joined under special permission. Bishop L. Tom Perry had taken a personal interest in the class and with his counsellors has supported it actively.

At the request of the Presiding Bishopric the outline used in the class has been completed for the first year and permission has been granted to publish it in serial form in *The Improvement Era* and in the Church Section of *The Deseret News*. The first eight lessons are printed herewith.

Outline of Study and Class Exercises for Adult Class of the Aaronic Priesthood of the 9th Ward of Cache Stake

By Geo. W. Skidmore, Supervisor and Teacher

LESSON ONE

1. Organization of Class. November 20, 1933.
2. Presentation of Study Outlines.
3. Condition of Religious Thought and Organizations in the United States in the early part of the Nineteenth Century.
4. Impressions and Belief of the boy Joseph Smith.
5. Joseph Smith's Prayer and Communication with the Father and the Son.
6. The Power of Darkness.
7. Read or Repeat the First Article of Faith. "We believe in God the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.
8. Short Discussion or Talk on Faith.

References

Pearl of Great Price, pages 46, 47, 48, 49.

History of the Church, Vol. I, Ch. 1.

LESSON TWO

1. Life of Joseph Smith from 1819 to 1823.
2. Prayer of Joseph Smith and Visitation of the Angel Moroni.
3. Moroni's Message.
4. Life of Joseph Smith from 1823 to 1827.
5. Delivery of the Gold Plates to Joseph Smith.
6. Short Talk or Discussion on Faith and Repentance.
7. Read the Thirteen Articles of Faith without Discussion or Comment.

References

Pearl of Great Price, pages 50, 51, 52, 53, 54.

History of the Church, Vol. I, Chs. 2, 3 and 4.

LESSON THREE

1. Work of Translation of the Book of Mormon.
2. Review briefly the Life and Work of (a) John the Baptist, (b) Levi, (c) Aaron.
3. Prayers of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery concerning Baptism.
4. Visitation of John the Baptist and Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood.
5. Restoration of Melchizedek Priesthood.
6. Present the Fifth Article of Faith. "We believe that man must be called of God by prophecy and by the laying on of hands, by those in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.
7. Interweave a short talk on Baptism.

References

History of the Church, Vol. I, Chs. 3 and 4.

History of the Church, Vol. I, Footnote page 40.

Luke, Ch. I, Genesis, Exodus.

Bible Dictionary by Wm. Smith, page 9, 315, 357, 358.

Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 13.

LESSON FOUR

1. Organization of the Church, Apr. 6, 1830.
2. Tell the story of Daniel and the Three Jews who were cast into the Fiery furnace. (To get interest.)
3. Nebuchadnezzar's Dream with special emphasis on "The Stone that was cut out of the Mountain without hands."
4. Explain briefly the work of the Aaronic Priesthood in the Church.
5. Discuss briefly "Laying on of Hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.
6. Confirmation into the Church by the "Laying on of Hands."
7. Present Sixth Article of Faith, "We believe in the same organization that existed in the Primitive Church, viz: Apostles, Prophets, Pastors, Teachers, Evangelists, etc."

(Teacher should give careful thought and study in coordinating the subjects as outlined in this lesson.)

References

History of the Church, Vol. I, Chs. 7 and 8.

Daniel, Chs. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Doc. & Cov., Sec. 13, 84 and 107.

Acts 8:14-18; 19:2-6, II Timothy 1:6.

Heb. 6:1, 2; Alma 31:36; III Nephi 18:36, 37.

Doc. & Cov., 20:41, 43.

Articles of Faith by Talmage, page 172.

LESSON FIVE

1. Review Lessons 1, 2, 3 and 4.

(Encourage members of the class to take part in the review. Do not call upon anyone unless they raise their hands or express a willingness to take part.)

LESSON SIX

1. Present the First Article of Faith, "We believe in God the Eternal Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost."
2. Personality of God the Father and His place in the Godhead.
3. Personality of Jesus Christ, the Son and His place in the Godhead.
4. Personality of the Holy Ghost and his place in the Godhead.
5. Short talk or discussion on faith in the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

(Avoid discussion on matters that have not been revealed.)

References

Compendium, page 172, 173.

Gen. 1:25-27; 3:9, 10; 32:11; 32:23.

Rev. 1:14, Heb. 1:3, Col. 1:15, II Cor. 4:4.

History of the Church, Vol. 5, page 426.

Articles of Faith by Talmage, page 41, 42.

LESSON SEVEN

1. Birth of Jesus Christ. (Brief.)
2. Childhood of Jesus Christ. (Brief.)
3. Mission of Jesus Christ. (Enlarge.)
4. Fourth Article of Faith. "We believe that the first principles of the Gospel are: (1) Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; (2) Repentance; (3) Baptism by Immersion, for the remission of sins; (4) Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost."

(This lesson may be given entirely by the teacher in an inspirational sermon. The missionary spirit will be manifest if this lesson is given under the guidance of the spirit of the Lord.)

References

The Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. III Nephi 11 to 26 inclusive.

The Annual Report for 1933

TABULATIONS for the year 1933 of Aaronic Priesthood reports show marked improvement in practically every phase of the work. A summary of the various activities shows the following standing of the leading stakes of the Church:

Highest Average Rating: Alberta 84, Cache 84, Morgan 82, So. Davis 82, Liberty 81, Pioneer 81, Granite 80, Ogden 80, Palmyra 80.

Attendance at Quorum Meetings: Hyrum 44%, Maricopa 40, Malad 39, Oneida, 35, Granite 34, Liberty 34, Alberta 32, Morgan 32, No. Davis 32, Hollywood 32.

Attendance at Sunday School: St. Johns 43, Maricopa 41, Kolob 40, Summit 39, Lehi 38, Granite 36, No. Davis 36, Oneida 36, Grant 35, Bear River 34, Hyrum 34, Liberty 34, So. Davis 34, Minidoka 34, Alberta 34.

Observing Word of Wisdom: Maricopa 81, Bear River 73, South Davis 73, Oquirrh 72, Deseret 71, Alberta 71, Juarez 69, Granite 69, Ogden 69, Oneida 68, Hollywood 68.

Attendance of Supervisors: Liberty 98, Pioneer 97, Grant 96, Cache 95, Blackfoot 93, Mt. Ogden 91, Logan 88, No. Davis 86, Granite 85, No. Sanpete 84.

Quorums and Classes Organized: Hyrum 100%, Moapa 100%, Union 100%.

Aaronic Priesthood Week Reports

AS this issue of the *Era* goes to press the annual Aaronic Priesthood week is in full swing. In the July issue a complete report of the activities of the week will appear. Stake and ward chairmen are requested to send to the Presiding Bishopric reports of the observance of the anniversary and any special items of unusual interest. A report of the pilgrimage to the grave of Martin Harris will also appear next month.

East Jordan Stake Orchestra is Convention Feature

ONE of the outstanding features of the Aaronic Priesthood convention held during the April conference was the East Jordan Stake Aaronic Priesthood orchestra under the leadership of E. L. Christianson of the stake High Council. The orchestra has approximately forty members and was organized under the sponsorship of President E. L. Burgon and his counselors in the stake presidency. A special number consisting of a medley of "Mormon" hymns was especially well rendered and indicated the ability of the group. Since the convention many congratulations have been received upon the excellent work of the orchestra.

Stake Aaronic Priesthood Organization Plan Suggested

IN response to numerous requests for suggestions as to the best plans for dividing responsibilities among members of the stake Aaronic Priesthood committee the plan which follows has been suggested as being suitable for an average stake.

This suggestion is based on the recommended plan of at least three members of the High Council—one assigned to Priests, one to Teachers and one to Deacons—and enough additional members to equal one for each ward. The average stake has eight or nine wards. This plan assumes a membership of nine on the stake committee.

Assignment of Duties and Responsibilities: All members, as a committee, to be responsible for all Aaronic Priesthood activity in the stake. For supervision and follow-up work in the wards assignments to be made as follows:

Priests

(1) Chairman of Priests' group (Member of High Council) (a) Organization, (b) Leadership, (c) Adults.

(2) Class Work—(a) Weekly Lessons (b) Book of Remembrance (c) Teaching Helps.

(3) Activities—(a) Assignments, (b) Socials, (c) Fraternal Activities.

Teachers

(1) Chairman of Teachers' group (Member of High Council) (a) Organization, (b) Leadership, (c) Adults.

(2) Class Work—(a) Weekly Lessons, (b) Book of Remembrance, (c) Teaching helps.

(3) Activities—(a) Assignments, (b) Socials, (c) Fraternal Activities.

Deacons

(1) Chairman of Deacons' group (Member of High Council), (a) Organization, (b) Leadership, (c) Adults.

(2) Class Work—(a) Weekly Lessons, (b) Book of Remembrance, (c) Teaching Helps.

(3) Activities—(a) Assignments, (b) Socials, (c) Fraternal Activities.

In stakes with less than nine members on the stake committee it will be necessary to combine the duties, assigning more to each member than indicated in this plan. In stakes with more than nine members the duties may be divided according to the qualifications of the committee members.

It is important that each item listed in the plan be definitely assigned to a member of the committee for regular attention, study and follow-up.

SO let it be in God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven."

—*Whittier.*

Champion Observes Word of Wisdom

A STRIKING example of benefits derived from observing the Word of Wisdom comes from the trainer of one of the world's fastest mile runners—Glenn Cunningham, University of Kansas ace who is today in the spotlight as a record-breaker. Cunningham ran the mile last summer in Chicago in 4:09 and is rated by many experts to have at least a chance of being the first man in the world to run a mile in 4 minutes flat.

In describing Cunningham's methods of training Bill Hargiss, his coach, has this to say:

"Mentally, Cunningham has every essential of success. Scholastically, he is an honor student. Good natured and of even temperament, yet has a mind of his own. A will and determination to succeed that is almost undeniable. Never boastful, yet deep in his mind he feels that there is not a man living whom he can't defeat in a footrace.

"Off the track Glenn is a most religious trainer. There is no diet prescribed for him. He eats plain, simple food and not large amounts. He eats very slowly. Drinks only milk and water, never coffee or tea. Never has had a drink of alcoholic liquor of any kind, doesn't drink any fountain soft drinks. Never has used tobacco in any form. He prefers a fruit and vegetable diet. About three hours before he runs he eats the biggest meal of the week, including a thick broiled steak. He sleeps regularly and aims to get at least eight hours of sleep each night. Early to bed and early to rise. When away on a trip he more or less isolates himself in his hotel room. Reading a good book, studying and writing letters take all his spare time.

"He believes that passive exercise in the form of light massage with rubbing lotion is excellent for the muscles of his legs. However, he does most of this himself. He doesn't need a special trainer or corps of assistants.

"Glenn has just returned from Europe. He ran 26 races in four weeks, traveling through eight countries. He won every race and wasn't even pushed to great effort in any race.

"If it is possible for a human being to run a mile in four minutes—I believe the man living today to accomplish that feat is Glenn Cunningham."



THE M. I. A. EXECUTIVES AT WORK
Left to right: Supt. George Albert Smith, President Ruth May Fox, 1st Asst. Richard R. Lyman, 2nd Asst. Melvin J. Ballard, 1st Counselor Lucy Grant Cannon, 2nd Counselor Clarissa A. Beesley. Standing, Executive Secretary Oscar A. Kirkham.

Executives Prepare for June Conference

KNOWING that the Executives of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations were at work preparing an unusually comprehensive and fine program for June Conference, the editorial staff of *The Improvement Era* sent a photographer over to Superintendent George Albert Smith's office where they were in session and secured this picture.

Those who attend June Conference and find everything working smoothly and without difficulties probably do not sense the hours of work which have gone into the making of the program. These six people, assisted by Oscar A. Kirkham, the Executive Secretary of the organizations, are the power plant of the huge organizations now encircling the globe, which promotes the welfare and happiness of thousands of young men and women in all parts of the world.

Though, of course, the Executives are assisted by the General Board composed of nearly one hundred experts in various fields, the principal part of the planning must be done at the head. What was being done around this table while this picture was being taken will affect the lives of approximately 131,500 men and women members from Salt Lake City to Salt Lake City around the earth both ways, during the coming year. They speak here and contests will be abolished in all fields except that of athletics; they write a word or a line on a piece of paper and hundreds of thousands of men and women will repeat that line during the year. Right here is launched one of the most extensive recreational programs under a common head in the world.

During this session and others like it programs for the coming year are outlined, programs for the various sessions of June Conference are made out, policies and projects are decided upon.

Superintendent George Albert Smith, a many-sided person with interests as wide as humanity, has made his office breathe of his activities. The pictures on the wall, glimpsed in this photograph, are but a few of the fine collection of photographs, mementos, gifts, bits of handicraft, and art which may be found in his most interesting corner of the Church Office Building.

Sunday Evening Joint Program for July

EIGHTY-SEVEN years ago this Twenty-fourth day of July the Pioneers entered the valley and the banner of Israel was unfurled in the tops of the mountains. One hundred fifty-eight years ago this Fourth day of July, the fathers of the Nation declared their Independence and began a new experiment upon practically uncharted seas, therefore, we think it appropriate to use as our theme Pioneering.

1. Hymn—"America," or "America the Beautiful," or, in other countries, a national hymn.

2. Invocation—the Bishop of the Ward, or one in a leading position.

3. Hymn—"Come, Come, Ye Saints."

4. Presentation of the new 1934-35 Slogan—Superintendent of the Ward Mutual.—10 Minutes.

Slogan: "By my actions I will prove my allegiance to the Church."

5. Solo—"The Flag Without a Stain."

6. Sermon—By a selected speaker. —"The New Pioneer."

Note: The nation has been established; the Church has been established in the tops of the Mountains and is not now molested to any extent by enemies from without. The Nation has but recently passed and is now passing through trying times brought on largely by the anti-Christian spirit of profit and of greed. We need now to be new Pioneers who can lead the way across the plains of selfishness, doubt, greed, and social injustice to the mountains of love which will bring once again the blessings of neighborliness, social justice, and faith in God.

7. Hymn—"Let Us All Press on."

8. Benediction.

London Echoes—From the M Men Courts

By G. HOMER DURHAM

EIGHT millions of people know the friendly tower of the London Central Y. M. C. A. by personal acknowledgment. Many others know it by reputation, for it is one of the marks of mighty London. When the late theatre-goer comes out of his show house and traverses the heart of the West-end through Charing Cross Road, one of the most familiar sights to greet his midnight eye is the tower of the "Centymca."

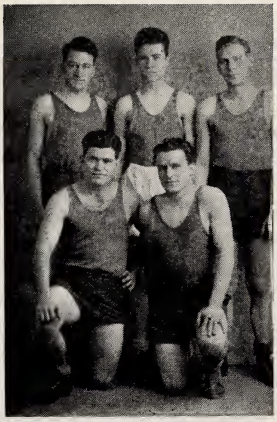
It is surprising to Americans that these many, as well as the 3000 members of the London Central, as it is known, knew nothing about the good game basketball until the War. For, in stolid isles of Britain, King Soccer Football reigns with an iron hand. But, in the early twenties, enthusiasts succeeded in working up the hoop game to such a pitch, that in 1923, and every succeeding year until 1930, the London Central team won the English National Championships, touring Europe each spring in quest of the mythical European title. With their leaders, Messrs. Lake and Barnard, players on the 1933 team, they participated in the Paris Olympic Games of 1928, and came away laden with trophies that now decorate the halls at Tottenham Court Road.

In the fall of 1933, to this spot, came a group of Latter-day Saint Missionaries to join the London Central. In search of truth, new contacts, and physical fitness, they formed a basketball team, headed by Coach Johnnie D. Riggs, one-time court star at Arizona "U," and for two years coach at Mesa High School. With the exception of Riggs, here was a typical fast-breaking, "Pony," M Men team for the other four were veterans of many battles in assorted Stake tournaments. Liberty, Ensign, Alpine, Carbon, Maricopa (for Riggs had played M Men ball before earning his letter) were thus represented.

"In order that my life might render the finest service to humanity, I solemnly pledge my best efforts to keep myself clean; to fearlessly oppose wrong; to learn modesty and manliness, and to obey the rules of *true sportsmanship.*"

Had the series of games which followed with the London Central and other clubs, been fought out under the shades of the Deseret Gymnasium, they could not have come closer to a humble fulfilment of the M Men pledge, quoted above.

Sportsmanship! It was a joy for a scheduled Wednesday to come—to mingle in athletic combat with hardy exponents of British "fair-play." After each game it was a race, to see which team could first give the three "hip-hip-hooray's" for the other team, and then run to shake hands. Modesty and manliness are paramount in the lives of well-bred Englishmen, and with true Anglo-Saxon mannerism, the two teams found a common understanding on which fearlessly to oppose wrong which recognized the elements of true religion. Here was approached. the acme of recreational idealism, as sponsored in the Church!



L. D. S. BASKETBALL TEAM OF LONDON, 1933

Standing: Cullimore, Durham, Bennett.
Kneeling: Riggs, Morgan.

But while the two teams vied for courtesy. the Latter-day Saint boys had one unequalled quality in their bag of tricks.

L. D. S. lungs were clear and free from the smoke that poured into the breathing apparatus of the London fellows before and after each contest. Good training, clean living according to the Lord's Law of Health—the Word of Wisdom—proved the undoing of the British Champs.

After the game was heard the remark "We'd do jolly well to cut out the cigarettes and the daily pint to beat these fellows!"

In a series of four games, characterized by good feeling and long discussions afterwards, the L. D. S. team came off victorious in three encounters, gathering power as they progressed.

Scores

	London Central	L. D. S
1st Match	26	18
2nd Match	16	36
3rd Match	22	34
4th Match	32	65

On Wednesday, February 7th, in the midst of this latter schedule, the L. D. S. team traveled to Plaistow, Kent, and there defeated the good-natured Plaistow Red Triangle Club team, 52-30.

These figures take on a new significance when one understands that in English sport, no substitutions or time-outs are allowed, and that the games were played as 20 minute halves, with but five minutes rest between halves.

And so, across the 7000 miles of land and ocean, M Men traditions, M

(*Continued on Page* 370)



RULERS OF M MEN BASKETBALL FOR SEASON OF 1933-34

Wasatch Ward of Granite Stake rules supreme over a field of 12,000 Mutual Improvement Association basketball teams for the season of 1933-34 as a result of superior play in the annual inter-regional championship tournament. The Wasatch team members, left to right: Dally Brown, Ralph Knight, John Hoxey, Rod Knight, Bud Milham, Glen Fullmer, Everet Campbell and Coach Glen Anderson.

WASATCH WARD M Men Champions

By LES GOATES
Sport Editor Deseret News

M Men, Attention!

EACH ward, if possible, or at least each stake, should appoint one delegate to attend the M Men Convention which will be held in the Hotel Utah Saturday, June 9, at 10 and 2. Here the election of officers for 1934-35 will take place, and all other M Men business will be transacted.

On Thursday and Friday, June 7 and 8, finals in the soft ball and tennis contests will be held on playgrounds and courts of Salt Lake City. Notices and instructions have been sent out to each stake and ward. If any M Men do not know exactly what the program is to be, they may find out by asking M Men officers and advisors in their own wards and stakes.

Friday and Saturday we will have a program of entertainment and instruction during which demonstrations and lectures pertaining to the M Men and Master M Men Movements will be given. All M Men are invited as well as advisors of M Men.

If any M Men or advisors in the field have suggestions regarding the M Men program they may send them to M Men Executive Council, 50 North Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

EVERY year is another "greatest" in Mutual Improvement Association basketball and this delineation was never more applicable than during the campaign of 1933-34.

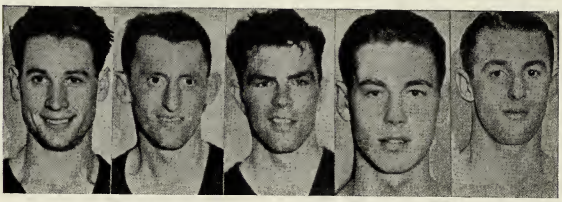
Once again the most stupendous athletic project of its kind ever undertaken, broke all records for mass participation and as has been its wont throughout the seasons, established a new high standard of competition.

The athletically inclined young men of the M. I. A. took to the court game with unprecedented interest and the number of actual participants was counted by the thousands and the number of teams by the hundreds, firmly establishing the M Men circuit as the outstanding single standard athletic organization in the world.

New zest was given to the game by the suspension of the rule barring players who had won their letters in high school. With scores of former scholastic courtiers bolstering the ranks, the sport took on the aspect of a junior collegiate league. Indeed, the Mutual basket shooters are improving year by year at such a rate that the time is not far distant when these fine manly fellows from the M. I. A. classes will be capable of as skillful a brand of basketball as the fastest and best coached independent teams anywhere.

The honor of leading the 12,000 registered players in M Men basketball went to the Wasatch Ward of Granite Stake, a region whose basketball supremacy for a time appeared almost traditional. Coach Glen Anderson presented a rangy, agile and resourceful aggregation which became a favorite with the tournament fans with its first appearance. The Wasatch boys brought the championship back to Zion from Glendale, California, whence it had been taken out of Utah in 1933 for the first time in the history of the sport.

Wasatch scored an impressive victory in the final game of the



OFFICIAL ALL-STAR M MEN BASKETEERS

These five Mutual Improvement Association basketball players were elected from a field of upward to 12,000 participants as the outstanding stars of the all-Church tournament. They are, left to right: Boyce Labrum, Bennion and Dally Brown, Wasatch, forwards; Ralph Knight, Wasatch, and Jack Lowther, Pocatello, guards; and James Campbell, Wasatch, center.

big joust, winning from Bennion of Cottonwood Stake 37 to 15.

The progress of the tournament play is detailed by the following team listings and scores:

First round: Ogden Fourth 21, Springville 32; Pocatello 29, Bennion 31; St. Johns, Arizona 27, Milford 26; Elsinore 31, Glendale, California 26; Cokeville, Wyoming 17, Murray First 34; Logan Seventh 25, Ogden Fourth 26; Declo, Idaho 16, Cardston, Canada 35; Wasatch 43, Sunnyside 12.

Second round (Championship matches): Bennion 25, Springville 23; St. Johns 33, Elsinore 34; Murray First 23, Ogden Fourth 26; Wasatch 52, Cardston 14.

Consolation flight: Pocatello Third 30, Ogden Eleventh 15; Milford 31, Glendale 19; Cokeville 23, Logan Seventh 51; Sunnyside 47, Declo 17.

Third round (Championship play): Wasatch 37, Ogden Fourth 26; Bennion 31, Elsinore 23; Springville 31, St. Johns 19; Murray First 44, Cardston 19.

Consolation flight: Pocatello Third 37, Milford 19; Logan Seventh 48, Sunnyside 29.

Final round (Championship play): Wasatch 37, Bennion 15; Murray First 27, Springville 20.

Consolation flight: Ogden Fourth 36, Elsinore 33; Pocatello Fourth 36, Logan Seventh 30.

The finish of the teams therefore was as follows: Wasatch, first; Bennion, second; Ogden Fourth, third; Murray First, fourth; Pocatello, fifth; Elsinore, sixth; Springville, seventh, and Logan Seventh Ward, eighth; Consolation champion, Pocatello.

At the close of the tournament all of the officials, and many of the coaches, managers and tournament directors selected the official *Improvement Era-Deseret News* honor team as follows:

First Team: Dally Brown, Wasatch, forward; Boyce Labrum, Bennion, forward; James Campbell, Wasatch, center; Jack Lowther, Pocatello, guard; Ralph Knight, Wasatch, guard.

Second Team: Vern Turpin, Bennion, forward; LaMar Weight, Springville, forward; James Broberg, Logan 7th, center; Elvin Wayment, Ogden Fourth, guard; Gene Woods, Murray, guard.

Honorable Mention: Forwards—Reed Knight, Wasatch; Wilbur Couch, Ogden Fourth; Donald Johnson, Elsinore; John Pearson, Murray, and O. Hadley, Pocatello. Centers—Ronald Knapp, Pocatello; N. Weight, Springville. Guards—Clarence Gehring, Bennion; John Hoxey, Wasatch; Grant Austad, Ogden Fourth; Leonard Harward, Springville.

Silver and bronze plaques, symbolical of regional and all-Church championships were awarded for *The Deseret News* by James M. Kirkham, assistant general manager. Gold and silver fobs for the champions and runners-up were presented to the Wasatch and Bennion players by President Heber J. Grant. Upward to three thousand spectators, a record for the event, witnessed the final contests and remained to cheer at the presentation ceremonies.

London Echoes—From the M Men Courts

(*Continued from Page* 268)

Men ideals—the Gospel—carry on. Already, British M Men organizations are being formed in conformity with the Church-wide Program, and with the same self-governing, self-expressing ideals in mind, will someday carry onto a score of English football fields, echoes from the M Men courts of Western America.



THE LONDON CENTRAL Y. M. C. A.
Situated at the intersection of Great Russell street and Tottenham Court Road—near Oxford Street. Half way twixt the heart of the West-end and the historic "city," it offers daily recreation to 3000 members from all the nations of the earth.

The Power of Truth

(*Continued from Page* 344)

ing, the cruel criticism of contemporaries and often, hardest of all, the wondering reproach of those who love him best.

He must not expect the tortoise to sympathize with the flight of the eagle. A great purpose is ever an isolation. Should a soldier leading the forlorn hope complain that the army is not abreast of him? The glorious opportunity before him should so inspire him, so absorb him, that he will care naught for the army except to know that if he lead as he should, and do that which the crisis demands, the army *must* follow.

The reformer must realize without a trace of bitterness that the busy world cares little for his struggles, it cares only to joy in his final triumph; it will share his feasts but not his fasts. Christ was alone in Gethsemane, but—at the sermon in the wilderness, where food was provided, the attendance was four thousand.

The world is honest enough in its attitude. It takes time for the world to realize, to accept, and to assimilate a large truth. Since the dawn of history, the great conservative spirit of every age, that ballast that keeps the world in poise, makes the slow acceptance of great truths an essential for its safety. It wisely requires proof, clear, absolute, undeniable attestation, before it fully accepts. Sometimes the perfect enlightenment takes years, sometimes generations. It is but the safeguard of truth. Time is the supreme test, the final court of appeals that winnows out the chaff of false claims, pretended revelation, empty boast, and idle dreams. Time is the touchstone that finally reveals all true gold. The process is slow, necessarily so, and the fate of the world's geniuses and reformers in the balance of their contemporary criticism, should have a sweetness of consolation rather than the bitterness of cynicism. If the greatest leaders of the world have had to wait for recognition, should we, whose best work may be but trifling in comparison with theirs, expect instant sympathy, appreciation, and cooperation, where we are merely growing toward our own attainment.

The world ever says to its leaders, by its attitude if not in words, "If you would lead us to higher realms of thought, to purer ideals of life, and flash before us, like the handwriting on the wall, all the possible glories of development, you must pay the price for it, not we." The world has a law as clearly defined as the laws of Kepler: "Contemporary credit for reform works in any line will be in inverse proportion to the square root of their importance." Give us a new fad and we will prostrate ourselves in the dust; give us a new philosophy, a marvelous revelation, a higher conception of life and morality, and we may pass you by, but posterity will pay for it. Send your messages C. O. D. and posterity will settle for them. You ask for bread; posterity will give you a stone, called a monument.

THERE is nothing in this to discourage the highest efforts of genius. Genius is great because it is decades in advance of its generation. To appreciate genius requires comprehension and the same characteristics. The public can fully appreciate only what is a few steps in advance; it must grow to the appreciation of great thought. The genius or the reformer should accept this as a necessary condition. It is the price he must pay for being in advance of his generation, just as front seats in the orchestra cost more than those in the back row of the third gallery.

The world is impartial in its methods. It says ever, "you may suffer now, but we will give you later fame." Posthumous fame means that the individual may shiver with cold, but his grandchildren will get fur-lined ulsters; the individual plants acorns, his posterity sells the oaks. Posthumous fame or recognition is a check made out to the individual, but payable only to his heirs.

There is nothing the world cries out for so constantly as a new idea; there is nothing the world fears so much. The milestones of progress in the history of the ages tell the story. Galileo was cast into prison in his seventieth year and his works were prohibited. He had committed no crime, but he was in advance of his generation. Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood was not accepted by the universities of the world till twenty-five years after its publication. Froebel, the gentle inspired lover of children, suffered the trials and struggles of the reformer, and his system of teaching was abolished in Prussia because it was "calculated to bring up our young people in atheism." So it was with thousands of others.

The world says with a large airy sweep of the hand, "the opposition to progress is all in the past, the great reformer or the great genius is recognized today." No, in the past they tried to kill a great truth by opposition; now we gently seek to smother it by making it a fad.

So it is written in the book of human nature: The saviors of the world must ever be martyrs. The death of Christ on the cross for the people he had come to save, typifies the temporary crucifixion of public opinion that comes to all who bring to the people the message of some great truth, some clearer revelation of the divine. Truth, right, and justice must triumph. Let us never close the books of a great work and say "it has failed."

No matter how slight seem results, how dark the outlook, the glorious consummation of the past, the revelation of the future, *must* come. And Christ lived thirty years and he had twelve disciples, one denied him, one doubted him, one betrayed him, and the other nine were very human. And in the supreme crisis of His life "they *all* forsook him and fled," but today—His followers are millions.

SWEET indeed is human sympathy, the warm hand-clasp of confidence and love brings a rich inflow of new strength to him who is struggling, and the knowledge that someone dear to us sees with love and comradeship our future through our eyes, is a wondrous draught of new life. If we have this, perhaps the loyalty of two or three, what the world says or thinks about us should count for little. But if this be denied us, then must we bravely walk our weary way alone, toward the sunrise that must come. The little world around us that does not understand us, does not appreciate our ambition or sympathize with our efforts, that seem to it futile, is not intentionally cruel, calloused, bitter, blind, or heartless. It is merely that busied with its own pursuits, problems and pleasures, it does not fully realize, does not see as we do.

The world does not see our ideal as we see it, does not feel the glow of inspiration that makes our blood tingle, our eye brighten, and our soul seem flooded with a wondrous light. It sees naught but the rough block of marble before us and the great mass of chips and fragments of seemingly fruitless effort at our feet, but it does not see the angel of achievement slowly emerging from its stone prison, from nothingness into being, under the tireless strokes of our chisel. It hears no faint rustle of wings that seem already real to us nor the glory of the music of triumph already ringing in our ears.

There come dark, dreary days in all great work, when effort seems useless, when hope almost appears a delusion, and confidence the mirage of folly. Sometimes for days your sails flap idly against the mast, with not a breath of wind to move you on your way, and with a paralyzing sense of helplessness you just have to sit and wait and wait. Sometimes your craft of hope is carried back by a tide that seems to undo in moments your work of months. But it may not be really so, you may be put into a new channel that brings you nearer your haven than you dared to hope. This is the hour that tests us, that determines whether we are masters or slaves of conditions. As in battle of Marengo, it is the fight that is made when all seems lost that really counts and wrests victory from the hand of seeming defeat.

If you are seeking to accomplish any great serious purpose that your

Content

By Solveig Paulson

WITHIN my cozy room a fire glows.
The crimson flame-light flickers up and goes
To lay its rosy fingers on my shining glass,
To brush with amber tones my polished brass,
To warm with softened light my friendly books
And then to hide itself in darkened nooks.

My easy chair holds out inviting arms,
It bids me rest and lose myself in charms
In opening up my treasure chest of dreams
And gloating o'er the wealth that in it gleams.

Gladly I yield to such delightful ease
And bid my fancy wander where it please.
Fondly I bring my memories to view
And find in each a photograph of you.

mind and your heart tell you is right, you must have the spirit of the reformer. You must have the courage to face trial, sorrow and disappointment, to meet them squarely and to move forward unscathed and undaunted. In the sublimity of your perfect faith in the outcome, you can make them as powerless to harm you, as a dewdrop falling on the Pyramids.

TRUTH, with time as its ally, always wins in the end. The knowledge of the inappreciation, the coldness, and the indifference of the world, should never make you pessimistic. They should inspire you with that large, broad optimism that sees that all the opposition of the world can never keep back the triumph of truth, that your work is so great that the petty jealousies, misrepresentations, and hardships caused by those around you, dwindle into nothingness. What cares the messenger of the king for his trials and sufferings if he know that he has delivered his message? Large movements, great plans, always take time for development. If you want great things, pay the price like a man.

Anyone can plant radishes; it takes courage to plant acorns and to wait for the oaks. Learn to look not merely *at* the clouds, but through them to the sun shining behind them. When things look darkest, grasp your weapon firmer and fight harder. There is always more progress than you can perceive, and it is really only the outcome of the battle that counts.

And when it is all over and the victory is yours, and the smoke clears away and the smell of the powder is dissipated, and you bury the friendships that died because they could not stand the strain, and you nurse back the wounded and faint-hearted who loyally stood by you, even when doubting, then the hard years of fighting will seem but a dream. You will stand brave, heartened, strengthened by the struggle, re-created to a new, better and stronger life by a noble battle, nobly waged, in a noble cause. And the price will then seem to you—nothing.

END

With this essay this remarkable series comes to a close When they first appeared they so impressed President Heber J. Grant that he bought an entire edition and used several hundred as gifts.

The eight essays by William George Jordan which go to make up the book—"The Power of Truth"—are soon to appear in book form. The book, though out of print at present, has been purchased and will be re-issued in a beautiful cloth binding by The Deseret Book Company. Date of publication has not been announced, but it will be in the near future.—H. R. M.

International Conferences

(*Continued from Page* 325)

sidered and adopted (out of the mass material covered by the *Agenda*) 94 Resolutions and Declarations, 6 Conventions (treaties) and 1 additional Protocol to an existing Convention. It is self-evident that at least some of these must have received scant consideration, and such was the fact.

When the time for a meeting of a Conference approaches, each government appoints its delegates to represent it. There may be only one delegate (as was the case with the Santo Domingo Government at the Montevideo Conference) or any number more than that. At the Montevideo Conference the United States had 6 delegates, headed by the Secretary of State, 1 Secretary General, 3 counselors, 1 adviser, 4 technical experts, 1 press representative, and 1 assistant to the Chairman of the Delegation; Uruguay had 16 delegates and 20 advisers; while Mexico had 7 delegates, 1 secretary general, 3 assistant secretaries, 1 private secretary to the president of the delegation, 2 secretaries of sessions, 9 technical experts, 4 attaches to the delegation.

At the Montevideo Conference the delegates of the various countries included 10 ministers of foreign affairs (Secretaries of State) as heads of their respective delegations (United States, Argentine, Uruguay, Paraguay, Mexico, Panama, Guatemala, Brazil, Nicaragua, Chile); 2 former presidents of their countries, (Honduras, Uruguay); 7 former ministers of Foreign Affairs (Honduras, Salvador, Haiti, Uruguay, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Colombia); 1 President of a Constituent Assembly drafting a new constitution (Uruguay); 3 Presidents of Chambers of Deputies—House of Representatives—(Paraguay, Argentine, Chile); 3 Ambassadors (United States, Mexico, Peru); 10 Ministers (United States, Dominican Republic, Mexico, Panama, Bolivia, Guatemala, Ecuador, Colombia, Chile, Peru); 1 President of a Supreme Court (Nicaragua); 1 nominee for election to the presidency of his country with no opposition (Colombia), who has since been elected; 2 former Ambassadors (United States, Uruguay); and 5 former Ministers (Honduras, Venezuela, Colombia (2), Bolivia.)

This might properly be called a distinguished gathering.

All the twenty-two Republics of the hemisphere, except Costa Rica, were represented by one or more delegates at the VII Pan American Conference.

At international conferences each delegate is given a formal document of appointment by the head of the State which he represents, which constitutes the delegate's "credentials."



Photo H. R. M.
BLACKFEET ON PARADE—CALGARY, CANADA

ONE of the earliest, most troublesome, and (in one view) most inconsequential questions arising at international conferences, is the one

of *protocol*, that is, who calls on whom, and when; shall the call be formal or informal; shall calls be returned or merely cards left in return; who shall take precedence and what shall be the order of precedence; shall there be elaborate entertainments or otherwise; and numerous other really trivial conventionalities, not the least of which sometimes is the relative ranking of persons within each individual delegation itself, this latter being the rock on which some conferences have been nearly wrecked.

At the Montevideo Conference, Secretary Hull cut, with great wisdom, the "Gordian Knot" of who should call first and when and how, by himself informally calling upon the heads of the various delegations within the first two days after his arrival. This simple, sensible act had much to do with an auspicious beginning of the Conference.

Another troublesome question that comes up at the beginning of a Conference is that of the relative precedence (for all delegations are of the same rank) of the various delegations. Frequently this is based upon an alphabetical list of the countries, which places the United States among the *E's*, the French for United States being *Etats-Unis*, and the Spanish, *Estados Unidos*.

In Montevideo the alphabetical system was used to seat the delegates at the first and second meetings, but at the second meeting the names of the different countries were drawn from a lottery wheel for their permanent protocol rank for the duration of the Conference, with the result that Honduras stood first and the United States second, and that order prevailed through the rest of the Conference.

The country in which the International Conference is held is the host of the Conference, and is expected to provide housing facilities for the sessions of the Conference and its various committees, and sub-committees, offices for the various delegations, to do all the printing of the proceedings, to furnish interpreters for the Conference, as also the stenographic and other clerical help necessary to enable the Conference to function.

There are four official languages for a Pan American Conference, each of equal standing and value—English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French. The English language represents the greatest number of people (the people of the United States), but only one country; the Spanish language the greatest number of States and, in the aggregate, the greatest number of people after the United States; the Portuguese one country, the largest in area (Brazil) in the whole hemisphere, and the country with the largest population after the United States; and the French one of the smallest countries in area and in population, Haiti.

When the whole Conference meets as a body, the meeting is called a Plenary Session of the Conference. But an International Conference is usually divided into commissions, and when each individual commission meets as a body the meeting is spoken of as a Plenary Session of the commission. Each commission may be divided into sub-commissions.

AT Montevideo, the conference was housed in the Legislative Palace—a truly magnificent building with a great central hall finished in handsome Uruguayan marble, mottled and in various shades and tints, with the chamber of deputies on one side and the senate chamber on the other, with offices and committee rooms ranged in circular form around these chambers. There are great light wells running down the interior of the building so that all rooms are splendidly lighted. In this great central hall the President of Uruguay gave a banquet to the members of the Conference and to the diplomatic corps in Montevideo, at which more than 500 guests were comfortably seated. The meal was good and was well and expeditiously served. An amusing incident happened in connection with the dinner: The President and guests waited more than an hour for the protocol officer—the man with the place cards, that designated where each guest should sit. No explanation was ever given for the delay, though wild rumors were afloat—that the poor fellow had been captured by communists, that he had a nervous collapse on his way to the palace, etc., etc. The real reason probably was that the task was a tremendous one—to take care of the inbred sensibilities of scores of persons looking for a real or fancied slight—and so it took a long time to iron out the tangle. At any rate, the diners

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did not take their places at the tables until after 11 p. m.—a long time for a hungry man to wait for dinner.

The Plenary Sessions of the Conference and of some of the commissions were held in the Chamber of Deputies. This had been specially wired for telephone service so that each delegate of the Conference had at his disposal a set of ear phones. From the moment a Plenary Session began until it ended, an interpreter, in and through this telephone installation, translated from Spanish or French or Portuguese into English, or from English (when the speakers used English) into Spanish, everything that was said during the session. There was assumed to be sufficient similarity between Portuguese and Spanish so that no translation was necessary, as to either of these two languages into the other. As a matter of fact, since the Conference was meeting in a Spanish-speaking capital and since for all but some 15 of the 90-odd delegates at the Conference Spanish was the official language and the mother tongue, Spanish inevitably became the language of the Conference and the rest of us got along as best we could.

THE work of interpreting the Plenary Sessions was done by a native of Mexico, regularly employed with the Pan American Union in Washington, Sr. Jose Tercera. He did a remarkable piece of work, and to translate as rapidly as a man talks—and some men talk very fast—from Spanish into English, or contrariwise, and to translate in the idiom of the language into which the translation goes, is a task few persons, however well they know the two languages, care to undertake, and fewer still can successfully accomplish. It is a mental strain of a peculiar kind, and most exhausting. As has been stated, Sr. Tercera did a splendid job.

There is not much parliamentary law or procedure in evidence at these conferences, and the little that appears is that which obtains in civil law countries—Continental Europe and Latin America.

In this connection it should be noted that any formal, prescribed procedure would be difficult if not impossible either to formulate or to follow, for each country represented is a sovereign country and cannot under any circumstances be bound against its will, or committed over its objection. There can be no sergeant-at-arms, either to maintain order, to secure a quorum, or to carry out any measure of compulsion or coercion, for the delegates represent equal and noncoercible sovereign States and they carry this sovereign character and immunity with them into the Conference. Delegates attend the sessions if, when, and as long as they like; they speak when they like, as long as they like, as often as they like, and about what they like; they are rarely disciplined by the Chair, though on one or two occasions at Montevideo individual delegates, becoming critical of other countries in language of intemperance and occasionally of violence, brought upon themselves a rebuke from the Chair. One delegate came to be dubbed the "homager" because his chief if not sole interest in the work of the Conference seemed to be in proposing a "vote of applause" or of "homage" to some person, living or dead, who happened to have struck his fancy or to have requested his service. Such a proposal was always voted unanimously by the Conference without investigation, question, or debate. The American delegation found itself joining (for it could hardly object) in a "vote of applause" to an author whose chief and seemingly only claim to fame was a book in which he violently attacked the United States and its policies.

The actual organization of the Montevideo Conference was accomplished in this wise, following the generally accepted procedure in such matters.

The hour for the opening session having arrived, the delegates gathered more or less in the Chamber of Deputies, but to emphasize their sovereign immunities they were not all present at the appointed time, but drifted in for a half hour or more while those who came promptly waited, visited, twiddled their thumbs, or fumed with impatience.

The Chamber was semi-circular in form. In one section the circle was broken by a recess in the wall in which was built a high dais with an upper and lower speaking desk. Above the dais was an historical painting of an incident in the national life of Uruguay. The deputies' desks were arranged in

semi-circular rows in front of, but beginning some distance back from, this dais, and, rising towards the back. The interpreter's phone stand was in the space between the dais and the desks, though a very long cord attached to his phone enabled him on occasion to move even to the rear of the room in order to hear a speaker more distinctly. The reporters for the Conference had their table in this space also.

FOR the "inaugural session" of the Conference, this space between the dais and the desks was filled with camera and movie men, the latter having been allowed the positions of greatest vantage, while the still-camera men clustered around the edges or clung to the sides of the dais or stood in the boxes in the galleries. Several batteries of electric lights were arranged around the front of the galleries that encircle the room about the main floor, and several "spots" were down in the reporters' space.

When the moment arrived for opening the "inaugural session" of the Conference, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Uruguay called the meeting to order, and the President of Uruguay came in. The great electric batteries, at the first sign of his coming, flooded the Chamber with a literally dazzling light. The movie cameras began to drone, the still-camera shutters to click, and here and there a still-camera man, not sure he had enough light, exploded a charge of magnesium, with a resulting suppressed outcry of fright here and there, and a fleeting momentary apprehension as to what might be about to happen—for there were undercurrent murmurings and mutterings in the country, predicting violent political disturbances that never came. Even some of the delegates had taken their movie cameras into the hall and while the proceedings went on, "took" what suited their taste or fancy in the gathering. At a later meeting, when the United States was under a rather galling verbal fire from some of the delegates, one of these camera delegates impudently came down in front of the American delegation and "took" it while the United States was being flayed.

Some of the "movies" were also "talkies," and these were operated to record the more important part of the President's speech, which was finely conceived, lofty in tone, complimentary to the United States, containing quotations from leading Americans, including several of our Presidents. It left a good impression and was the "key note" speech of the Conference. When the President had finished his speech and the applause had subsided, the Conference adjourned until the following day.

The Seventh International Conference of American States had now left the harbor, and the President of Uruguay had laid down its course.

Next month you will have the thrill of sitting in with President Clark at the VII International Conference. You will there be briefly but forcefully told the story of "three dramatic moments, two related to the war in the Chaco, between Bolivia and Paraguay, and the other involving the United States." You will not wish to miss the climax of the great conference.

GROW IN POWER

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The Soil as a Living System

(*Continued from Page 343*)

be pleasantly exalted. Soil is so sensitive to treatment and responds so delicately to every manipulation, that it is easy to learn to consider it as a living thing.

An interview with a man in Germany who has had training on sandy soils revealed the fact that he would not be willing to take a farm made up of clay soil. He felt that he was dealing with two distinct beings and his method of attack he knew would not bring the same results. He was of the opinion that a lifetime would not be enough to learn how to deal with this new soil.

The English gardener knows this sensitivity too. He knows his soil and its every mood because he has worked with it since childhood as did his father and grandfather before him. The Japanese, and in fact, most all peoples long in possession of the same lands have also had similar experiences. They handle the soil as if it had a personality. They recognize that it is alive; a living being and a reaction to it as such brings results which have won the admiration of the world.

An acquaintance with the soil in the laboratory reveals that there are about one billion micro-organisms per pound of soil. These organisms are found in definite groups performing special functions just as real as men do in society. These organisms have their workmen which turn raw materials into form for the use of other organisms and other plants. They have their scavengers which remove that which has become toxic to certain useful germs, and thus keep the soil mass in a desirable sanitary state. There are the microscopic exciters of pessimism, too, consisting of fungi, bacterial disease germs, and nematodes which make the balance of soil-life wonder if life is really worthwhile. Surely as the soil scientist works and contemplates he must feel that he is dealing with a living thing.

MILTON WHITNEY, recent chief of the Bureau of Soils of the U. S. D. A., wrote a book some time ago entitled "Soil and Civilization." In that book he indicates that he has been impressed with the highly complicated system the soil appears to be. He compares the various life giving parts of the bodies of the animals with the functioning parts of the soil. By analogy he conveys much interesting information about the soil. He calls one's attention to the fact that the skeleton, tendons, muscles, colloidal lining, digestion, respiratory, and circulatory systems of the animal have their counterpart in the soil. His observations are interesting when one desires to consider the soil as a living system. His line of thought elaborated somewhat is presented as follows:

The higher animal has a skeleton which supports the various membranes and organs of the body. It is the supporting framework. The rock fragments constitute the skeletal framework of the soil body. Attached to these fragments are the many membranes and organs which take part in the nutritional activities within the soil mass. The animal tendons and muscles hold the bones in place. The soil colloids or gluey substances, very much in evidence in clay soil because of the stickiness they impart, are the muscles and tendons which hold the rock fragments together. The stomach and other organs of the animal have a colloidal or mucous lining which absorbs and regulates the supply of nutrient material to various parts of the body. The soil colloids which hold the soil fragments in place may be considered as colloidal or mucous lining of the soil particles. They too absorb the gases, the liquids, and the plant foods and regulate the supply available to plant roots. When food is taken into the animal body it is acted upon by the digestive juices. The juices contain enzymes, which are the organic bodies which cause the needed chemical reactions. They change the food elements so that they can be assimilated and taken into the various cells of the body to furnish energy and new cell-building material. Soils seem also to have digestive liquids or juices. The organisms in the soil-moisture secrete enzymes. They force a series of chemical reactions which change the organic matter into material which can be used by bacteria and plants.

During the digestive process in animal life there is a waste material thrown off. It is carried to

certain organs which exist for that purpose. If there is anything to interfere with proper elimination or if the animal gets cold, sickness follows. Soils can get sick, although in a different way. There is a large amount of waste material thrown off by the soil and plant life growing in the earth. This waste material is detrimental. As many as 35 organic substances which may be regarded as waste material have been separated which interfere with proper digestive activities of the soil system. The animal may need some kind of medicine when it is sick. It must also receive fresh air so that it can respond properly. The sick soil also calls for definite treatment. It must receive its little pills in various forms to rectify or nullify objectionable waste material. Sometimes a little nitrate or potash or phosphorus added will react with these wastes and revive the soil. One cultivates the soil and drains it to furnish fresh air with its oxygen which will help to eliminate this waste material from the soil-body.

Animals must inhale oxygen and exhale carbon dioxide under a given set of conditions. The more regularly this can go on the better for the health of the animal. The soil absorbs oxygen and allows carbon dioxide to diffuse into outer atmosphere. The oftener this interchange of gases goes on the healthier the soil.

The blood of man flows freely through the body distributing oxygen, regulating temperature and supplying food; it carries the wastes to the organs that eliminate them from the body. So too, the water of the soil may be considered as the blood of the soil body. It too carries the nutrients to the various parts where most needed. It distributes temperature so essential to soil life. It also does its part in the elimination of wastes.

THIS analogy serves as a splendid vehicle for conveying to man many ideas which help him to consider the soil as a living system. One may continue this analogy farther and say that an accident of nature, for example a flood, may sweep the animal out of existence. So too, one realizes that the real life part of the soil is the surface soil where humus and bacteria exist in abundance, where nature has been busy for hundreds of years creating this live soil. Carelessness in cultivating or overgrazing may expose the soil to the rains as on the mountain slopes and then in a few hours a heavy rain may wash the surface soil away leaving only the raw rock where once was pulsing life. This accident of nature also eliminates life.

There is much which still remains to be learned about the soil, particularly the actual life part. Only the bacteria and the fungi have received much attention thus far, but there is known to exist as many as 100,000 per gram of dif-

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ferent forms of algae, the tribe of green plants which are so commonly seen forming green strings in water. Future research on the part of the botanist may reveal many great and wonderful things about this form of soil life. The zoologists, too, have much to do in the future relative to soil life because it has already been found that there are as many as 15,000,000 little worms, spiders, flies, mosquitoes, nematodes, etc., in an acre of average soil, as well as hundreds of thousands of little animals known as protozoa; but, the exact part they play in soil economy is very much unknown at the present time. They must contribute much to the life activities of the soil, and some day we shall undoubtedly know more about this. There are far too few investigators in this field of work, but in time, many zoologists and botanists will dedicate their lives to the unfolding of this branch of soil science.

I hope that this necessarily very brief outline has shown you that the soil is not inert, but it is very much alive. If we know this and take advantage of the facts, we may hope to get the best results, in using the soil for the benefit of man. The farmer and the gardener should consider soil, not as dirt or mud, but as a living, dynamic part of nature, if he wishes to be most successful. So must all men who work with the soil. There should be no such things as dirt farmers anymore. The farmer does not work with dirt alone. He works with life and to the degree that he accepts this thought, will his success be.

The organs of the soil are many and seem to function similarly to the organs of man. The soil body responds as the animal body responds. Treat it properly and it responds well; treat it improperly and it gets sick. Be neglectful of its demands and it becomes peevish; fondle it and it will respond as man desires; starve it and it dies. If we learn its little demands and cater to them the soil will in every particular return to us 100 fold. It will give evidence of its appreciation as much as will a human being.

Perils and Pleasures of Mountain Climbing

(*Continued from page* 331)

Whymper succeeded in reaching its top, but his guide found it too steep. That ended the achievements on this trip. Year after year Whymper returned to attack the dauntless peak, but each year he failed. Six fruitless attempts he made; yet they were not entirely fruitless, for through them he learned all the angles and caprices of the stern peak.

In the hope of winning out, Whymper returned once more, this time with a party of eight and ample provisions. They paid special attention to methods of roping the members of the party together. On the second day they reached an altitude never before attained; in great excitement they pushed forward. The work became more difficult. They took each step with the utmost caution. But to their amazement, the general slope of the mountain was less than forty degrees. Often the whole rock face was covered with a glaze of ice, an extremely treacherous footing. They had to struggle to round a difficult corner, but when they did so they saw before them the top of the Matterhorn not more than 200 feet above.

Before starting on this expedition, Whymper had learned that a well-equipped party of Italians had got a two days' start of him. Naturally Whymper feared that he might be robbed of the triumph for which he had striven for so many years. The members of his party kept a close lookout for signs of the Italians, but discovered none. As they neared the summit their anxiety increased. What if their rivals had approached from the other side and descended in safety? This thought spurred them to supreme efforts, and at last they reached the summit. It was only after they had explored every foot of it that they established their point—Whymper was the first to scale the Matterhorn.

AS they scanned the ridges below, one of them suddenly discovered their rivals as mere specks of black, on a snow-covered ridge 2,000 feet below. To send a signal, all hands set to work prying loose rock and tumbling it over the

edge. Soon an avalanche was in motion. The black dots scurried away.

Next they raised a tent pole at the summit and unfurled a man's blouse. Watchers in Zermatt in the valley below saw the signal and soon spread the tidings that the Matterhorn had been conquered. Fortunately it was a remarkably clear day, and one of the world's most wondrous panoramas spread out before the climbers.

"To the west," writes Whymper, "gorgeous in the full sunlight rose the monarch of all—Mount Blanc. Ten thousand feet below us were the green fields of Zermatt dotted with chalets, from which blue smoke rose lazily. There were forests black and gloomy and meadows bright and lively, fertile lands and mauve wastes, sunny plains and frigid plateaus. There were the rugged forms and the most graceful outlines—bold cliffs and gentle slopes, rocky mountains and snowy mountains, with a wealth of pinnacles, cones and spires. We remained for one crowded hour of glorious life, then prepared to descend."

So far all had gone well. Six men were roped together so that if one should fall the others would save him. Suddenly one of the men slipped. He knocked over the man next to him. The third man in the line was dragged from his position. Whymper and the others braced themselves for the shock. The rope was taut between them. All would have gone well, but at that critical moment the rope broke, and the three men shot down the face of the Matterhorn, then were launched four thousand feet into space.

The two guides, with Whymper between them, were left shivering on the mountain side. The guides were panic-stricken. They shrieked in hysterics: "We are lost! We are lost!" And they surely would have been lost if it had not been for the heroic spirit of Whymper, who actually forced them to proceed. When they reached an easier grade the men tore down the cliff at a mad pace. The wonder is that any of them survived. They found shelter that night in a little stone cave where they huddled together to keep warm. The next morning their friends in Zermatt came hurrying toward them to celebrate their victory, but their joy was turned to mourning when they learned at what a fearful price the Matterhorn had been conquered.

After Heartbreak

By Catherine E. Berry

I SHOULD give thanks because I found my way
Through that dark interlude of pain and tears,
Because I found at last a brighter day,
New dreams and hopes to lead me through the years.

I should give thanks that I somehow escaped
The pitfalls and the mire surrounding me,
Though bruised by stones and by snarled branches scraped,
I carried on and now at last I'm free.

I should give thanks for shackles torn away,
That give my eyes a blessed inner sight,
Because I found while plodding through each day,
That dawn shall follow every stormy night.

I give my thanks in every silent prayer,
Turn into stepping stones that old despair!

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The Other Millie Morton

(*Continued from Page* 340)

less little housewifely things around the home. And as sure as Millie found time to sit down at the piano, Dad would be certain to ask her to play his old favorites or Mother's, and the new classics she had meant to work on would be laid aside.

After the precious hours were spent, the Other Millie Morton would come—a most insistent kind of phantom then—reproaching Millie for not using her time properly.

"You'll never be like me. You aren't half trying."

"I never can, anyway," Millie said one night, despairingly.

"Oh, yes, you could. You could perhaps even get Stan to be interested in you. He *used* to like *you*, didn't he?"

"A little bit. But—but now he belongs to Star. She's everything his wife should be."

Millie accepted that as fact. Humbly. Achingly.

She was walking slowly along near the Emporium one afternoon, half-waiting for Mamie, who'd had to go back to the office for something, when Stan's big gray coupe glided to a stop at the curb not ten feet away.

His smile, as he met her surprised glance, set Millie to quivering from head to foot. It was a thrilling moment.

"Hello, Stan," she managed to say.

"Hello, yourself," he returned gayly. And seemed about to say more, when out of nowhere, as it were, Star Hathaway appeared.

"Lucky you're here this minute, Stan. D'you mind running me home in a hurry? I'm frightfully late," she said, climbing into the car as if she owned it. Not even seeing Millie.

Stan glanced once more at Millie. Touched his hat in smiling salute, and was gone.

So was the thrill. Millie felt weak and sick. Then she became angry. By the time Mamie joined her, Millie was in a new and determined state of mind.

"Mamie, do you mind coming around to the White Cross Drug with me? I forgot I had to get some new face powder today."

"Oh, do get Dawn-Flower this time, Mil—it's posi-*tive*-ly the grandest powder. And some Dawn-Flower rouge, too,—they go together, you know."

Was it the Other Millie Morton, prompting Mamie? Millie felt surely it must be. She bought recklessly, the powder, the rouge, lipstick, and perfume also, though Dawn-Flower was a high-priced line and her conscience pricked severely when she paid for her purchases.

THEN they stopped at the Public Library and Millie took home a volume of famous essays.

"Real highbrow!" the jubilant Mamie exclaimed. "Now you're on the right track at last, Millie."

The Other Millie stood by approvingly.

"I will try to be like you," Millie whispered to her. "I *will* take more time for improving myself. After all, I owe it to myself." And to the home corner she carried her new resolution like a banner triumphant.

A group of youngsters stood in front of the Morton cottage, watching the departure of a shabby old black sedan. That was Dr. Roland's car—Millie knew sudden fear. What had happened at home?

A tow-headed boy saw Millie first.

"Jack's hurt, Mil!" he yelled.

She stopped dead still, dreading to hear more.

"Aw, it's just a sprained ankle,—nothing to worry about," a larger boy said, hurrying to meet Millie, "Bin, there"—with a scornful glance at the tow-head—"he'd scare yuh to death over nothing!"

Millie hurried into the house, conscious only of a great loving pity for Jack. A sprained ankle—after all his hopes for the tournament!

Jack, somewhat pale, but smiling, looked up from among the couch cushions. "Game, bless him!" thought Millie. "Smiling in spite of everything—." She saw his beloved racquet on a table near him.

Things swam crazily before her eyes: the racquet, distorted, blurred; "Pop" Morton, opening his lips to speak. * * * Blindly, Millie fled.

"My gosh!" Jack said, bewildered. "What—oh, I know, Pop. She doesn't know yet it isn't a real sprain after all. Go tell her, Pop—tell her I'm not out of the tournament—Doc said so. Go *tell* her, Pop. But who'd 've thought she'd take it like that?"

Stan West dropped in to see Jack that evening. Mighty glad, he said, to find the injury less serious than he'd heard.

"Can't do without you to play for us, you know," he told Jack, who beamed at his idol.

Millie was helping Bently to make a summary of the Treaty of Mersen.

"So this is the way you spend your evenings," Stan said to her. "I've wondered."

She looked up quickly, her heart leaping. Had he?. But of course not; he was teasing. She could think of nothing to say; just smiled at him, shyly.

Then Genevieve came, wanting Millie—no one else would do—to put a fresh bandage on her skinned knee. When Millie came back to the living-room again, Stan was gone.

"What an opportunity lost!" sighed the Other Millie, now endowed with a gracious charm and sparkling wit. "You're so dumb—just dumb!"

Jack must, Dr. Roland had said, be a good invalid for a few days, for the ankle had been severely wrenched and must be cared for. So, distasteful though he found it, Jack stuck to his couch and permitted himself to be waited upon.

Millie returned the book of essays unread and, during her hours at home, hovered near her brother like a guardian angel. At times her solicitude got on his nerves.

ON Saturday afternoon, she prepared dinner, selecting Jack's favorite dishes. She arranged his bedside table festively, with a dainty cloth and the prettiest dishes, and a bright-red tulip in a slender vase. Absorbed in a mystery-story, Jack paid no attention to her preparations.

Neither of them heard the buzz of the doorbell, nor saw Genevieve open the hall door to admit someone tall and dark and good to look upon. But at that moment Jack looked up and saw the table and Millie, and exploded:

"My gosh, Mil!—take that

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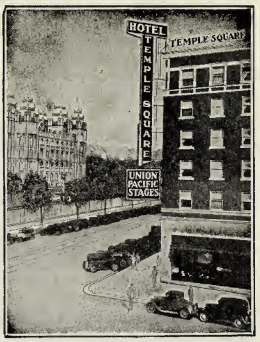
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stuff away! It gives me the jitters. How you do like to fuss things!"

Millie heard not a word of it. She had discovered Stan's presence.

He came across the room, amused and at ease.

"That's gratitude for you! I didn't think it of you, Jack. What shall we do to him, Millie?"

"Stan—Mr. West!" Jack exclaimed, delight overpowering his embarrassment. Millie wondered if her face was alight, as Jack's was.

"I'm here to punish you," Stan repeated. "Now let me see. I'll sit here beside you while you eat, and see that you do justice to the setting. And afterward, instead of visiting you as I know you'd like me to do, I'm going to ask Millie to go riding with me. How's that for punishment?"

"Capital!" Jack retorted. "I'm hung, drawn, and quartered. Finished!"

"Not yet," Stan said. "So unless there's more of this gingerbread, you can do without any. This piece is mine. My special weakness, Millie."

When the enchanted evening was ended, Millie remembered her phantom companion.

"You forgot all about me," the Other Millie accused, standing by Millie's bedside. "You had no dignity. You laughed when there was nothing to laugh at. You let your hair blow every-which-way, and your nose got frightfully shiny. He laughed at you!"

"With me!" pleaded Millie.

"At you," the Other insisted. "Oh, Millie, Millie! Here I am, with all the charming qualities and accomplishments that go to make 'class'—the sort of thing Stan West has known all his life. *I'd* be good enough for Stan and his big house. But—oh, probably he'll never take you out again!"

But he did. He took Millie one evening to dine and dance at 'The Three Trees'; and again they had a long drive through a moonlit May evening whose every moment was pure ecstacy. Another time he seemed weary, and appeared to enjoy just sitting there in the Morton living-room, talking with the whole family. Millie was too happy, then, to think of the Other Millie. She even began to dream little jewel-like dreams in which Stan West had a definite and important place.

THEN she learned that Star Hathaway had been out of town for more than two weeks. And the dreams crumbled into tiny memories, precious as stardust, and shiningly crystal, like tears.

The Other Millie came again. She was stern.

"You could have held him—yes, you could. If you had been like me!"

Millie wept over that, and endured furious heartache.

"Mil," said Mamie, "hadn't we better see the Old Man about getting our vacations the same week?"

"He already spoke to me about mine," Millie answered. "Asked me if I'd mind taking the second week in June, and I said it would be all right with me."

"But, my stars, Mil—have you forgotten that we were going to Haven-in-the-Hills? W h y, it doesn't open regular till the fifteenth."

"Well, you see, I can't go after all," Millie said gently. "I meant to tell you sooner—."

"Mil-*lie* Morton! What have you done with your vacation money?" Mamie demanded. "L got a hunch you sent it to that college brother of yours!"

There were times when Mamie's "hunches" were uncanny.

"Part of it," Millie admitted. "I still have some, but not enough to spend a week at Haven-in-the-Hills. Dale really needed it, Mamie, and I don't mind staying home."

"I never saw your equal, Mil. You're hopeless — posi-*tive*-ly hopeless! Oh, hon, you're an angel, so darned sweet and unselfish and all." Tears of honest affection glistened in Mamie's eyes. "But nobody appreciates anybody for things like that. You got to stick up for your rights if you ever get any fun out of life. Posi-*tive*-ly you do. I'm *telling* you!"

But Fate, it developed, had been kind.

"Boy, you got a break that time," Jack said, when she mentioned to the family the news of her early vacation. "The tournament comes off that week. Just wait till I tell Stan."

"Jack! Don't you dare—."

"Oh, of course, I'll be careful what I say. But there's no harm just mentioning it, is there? Gosh, I guess a fellow can be glad his own sister can come to see him play!"

"Hinting!" she thought the Other Millie commented. "But what does it matter? He's only interested in you because of Jack. Now, if you were I—."

Stan insisted that she was to see every game with him. "With you there to root for him, Jack will play still better. And you need me with you to explain all the fine points of the playing," he added teasingly.

She wondered just how much he meant that and decided that she didn't care. After all, Stan hadn't *had* to ask her.

"Oh, yes," Stan continued, "and you must come with me to the pre-Tournament dance at the Club—that is, if you're not dated already for that."

"Why, of course I'm not. That's two weeks off—I'd love to go with you, Stan."

The Other Millie was cross.

"You didn't need to be surprised so, and let him see it," she told Millie. "Star Hathaway's probably been dated a week already, for an important party like that."

"Oh, what's the use?" Millie despaired. "I'll never be different than I am. But anyway—I'll always have this much happiness to remember!" Golden treasures of memory, to store away against the bleakness of days when Stan would be lost to her!

SHE decided to use what she wanted of her remaining "vacation money" for extra clothes. She bought a darling, crispy, pale-green organdy frock, and green linen pumps to go with it, for the dance. For the tournament, a pretty white sports ensemble, with accessories to match. "Undies," and hose, and gloves. Incidentally, she carried home a lot of pretty things for Mother and Genevieve and the twins, just for the fun of surprising them.

Mamie, a willing shopping-assistant, approved the selections, though not over-enthusiastically.

"They're real sweet, Millie. Somehow they seem just like you, posi-*tive*-ly they do. But I wish you'd get some with more *class*."

"I've just about given up that idea," Millie said soberly. "I've tried to remember the things you tell me, and what Madame said, and—and my 'phantom companion' that I might be myself. But I always think of them too late."

It was like a cloud over her hap-

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piness. A tiny cloud, but threatening.

The dancing-party made a gorgeous memory. Music that wound itself around her heart like invisible golden chains. Her dances cut into again and again—except Stan's. Stan held onto *his* dances with a determination that was thrilling, and looked after her every comfort in a way that made her feel glamorously important. * * * It was so indescribably lovely, so terrifyingly sweet!

The tournament. Stan at her side. Jack a sensation, covering himself and them with glory.

"I'll bet on him for State Champion in another year," Stan told Millie as they drove homeward after the final match. "I'm proud to think I discovered Jack—literally puffed up, ready-to-burst. If he were my own brother, couldn't —. Why, what's happened, Millie?"

"I—I got something in my eye," said Millie, dabbing furiously at foolish, unexpected tears with her bit of a handkerchief.

Stan brought the car to an abrupt stop.

"Here, let me help. That's no way to remove an object from the eye."

"Never mind. I got it," Millie laughed shakily.

"Sure?"

"Sure!"

He sat for a long moment, looking at her quizically. She had an uncomfortable conviction that her hat was at the wrong angle, that her nose was at its shiniest worst, that she was all but wriggling in self-consciousness. Star Hathaway —or the Other Millie—would never have been guilty of wriggling!

"You're such a sweet kid," Stan murmured. Then as if he had said too much, he turned his attention immediately to starting the car again.

At the next corner they turned off Bridger Street and headed toward the country.

"I thought you were taking me home," Millie ventured in a small voice.

Stan's eyes were intent on the road.

"Changed my mind. We're going out to the 'Aery' for our dinner—to celebrate."

The miles dropped away behind them.

THE 'Aery' was a tiny inn perched atop of a steep, almost bluff-like, hill. They had to park the car and climb a long flight of stairs through a narrow-terraced garden, to get to it. On the terraces were stone benches where one could rest during the ascent; Millie dropped onto one, out of breath. Stan, untired by the exertion, remained standing, towering above her.

The sun was going down, in one of those rare golden settings that sometimes occur when the sky is cloudless. It seemed to have spread a veil of yellow gauze over the valley.

"Isn't it—beautiful!" Millie half whispered, as if to speak aloud might break the magic spell that held her.

"I'll tell 'em," Stan answered.

Something in his tone made her glance quickly up at him. He was looking, not at the sunset, but at her.

"Why—why—."

"Beautiful, all right—you darling. Sweetheart—," he said, dropping down beside her and taking her in his arms.

"Why, Stan!"

"Millie, darling—don't look at me that way! Surely you knew—everyone knows I love you. I'm crazy about you, Millie. I want you to marry me, dear."

"But—but Stan!" Dark, stark tragedy was in her eyes which a moment before had mirrored the brilliant sky.

"What's wrong, sweetheart? Oh, don't answer now if you'd rather not. I've spoken too soon—I was afraid I would. But I'll wait. I'll wait forever, rather than hear you say you don't care. You've *got* to love me, Millie."

His distress was more than she could bear.

"Oh, it's not that Stan! I do—I always have," she cried.

"Then what in the world—?"

He held her away from him, his hands holding her shoulders so that she had to face him, while his eyes searched hers.

The Other Millie Morton seemed to be standing between them. And it was Millie's way to be honest; she could not even be silent.

"It's—me, Stan. I'm not any of the things your wife should be. I'm not smart, nor accomplished—nor clever. I—I'm so ordinary—no *'class—'*." Millie's face burned and her voice broke.

It was out. Stan would see that she had spoken the truth—that she was being wise for him, and he would feel grateful to her, perhaps, for that. The end of the golden days had come.

Stan laughed outright, a laugh so full of sudden relief and gladness, that it sounded almost harsh. He took Millie into his arms again, determinedly.

"Of all the sweet, crazy ideas I every heard of! So that's it. Oh, Millie! Too 'ordinary' for me, are you? Ordinary—when you're the only girl I ever knew who is just exactly as I like 'em to be! Listen—here's what I want my wife to be: someone who's affectionate and thoughtful and loves her home; who can be gay over nothing at all, and quiet when a fellow's tired and wants just peace; someone who loves pretty things but doesn't put them first in importance—who doesn't fuss if a wrinkle gets into her dress or a curl blows out of place; someone who's interested in me—someone—whose eyes have golden lights in them to tell me when she's happy, someone that I'm going to kiss, right now—."

Convincing words. Equally convincing action.

Heavenly light seemed to envelop Millie—a light that certainly had not its origin in any sunset.

But the Other Millie Morton—perfect grooming, gracious poise, smartness, cleverness, and all—was in that moment definitely and permanently relegated to a place in outer darkness. Unwanted. Forgotten.

Ambition

By Gertrude Stanton

SHE wanted to write a poem,
But the little ones claimed her care;
There were tears to wipe, and meals to cook,
And childish burdens to share.

She wanted to paint a picture,
But stockings she must mend;
There were little garments to cut and make
And homely tasks without end.

She wanted to soar in music
Till she felt that heaven was near;
But, chickens were in the garden patch,
And a friend was in need of cheer.

And so she missed both fame and gold—
She had neither the one nor the other.
For all that she did was to make a home,
And all that she was—a mother.

Your Page and Ours

MUCH is being said about personality these days, so we think this statement from Andrew M. Anderson, Ogden, Utah, is timely: "I think you are doing a splendid job with the *Era*. It has a personality all its own. In addition to maintaining its high religious and moral levels, you have raised its literary standards considerably." He goes on: "You are also making a real contribution to our Church by stimulating and encouraging creative literary effort on the part of our own writers."

THE story, 'Some Beautiful Way,' is as lovely a story as I have ever read," writes Phebe Robinson, Providence, Utah. "I like the covers, too," she continues; "my favorite being the orange and black one of the 'Wheat'."

WHY not, indeed, Mrs. Rust, from down there on the Kaibab. Pardon, I should have said in the Kaibab on the Buckskin Mountain! "While enjoying the stories and the poems of the Easter issue yesterday, the thought struck me, 'Why not write a line of appreciation to the Editor.' So, obeying the impulse, I want to tell you how I was thrilled with the Easter editorials and the beautiful poems and stories." Thus runs a letter from Mrs. Will S. Rust.

FROM North Bay, Ontario, Canada, comes this note from Mrs. Charles E. Rea: "I have been slow in renewing my *Era* subscription. I feel I cannot get along without *'The Era'* in my home. I get much pleasure from the *Era* and learn many things pertaining to the Gospel. I am the only member in this city of 15,000 people and feel I need every magazine the Church puts out." Mrs. Rea, and lone souls like you, we'd like to have something special for every one of you every time.

OF course we have not forgotten to send those indexes, and will send them to other people also who wish to have their volumes bound. Elder Quayle Ward, Basel, Switzerland, writes: "I trust that you have not forgotten to send our office ten indexes for the 1932-33 editions of the *Era*, Volume 36, but we have not as yet received them." Elder Ward adds: "We are just as anxious as ever to receive *The Improvement Era* and look forward to receiving every number. We compliment you on its fine contents and appearance."

THIS letter from San Anselmo, California, touched us and made us pray that the *Era* may furnish food—spiritual food—for our people: "Dear Brethren: Enclosed is the renewal of my subscription to the *Era*. I'm out of work and my money is low, but I feel the Lord will bless me and I need the *Era* for the spiritual messages it brings to me and mine. Your brother in the cause of Truth, H. S. R."

WE hope "One of Ours" will like this letter as much as we did: "It was my pleasure to find a delightful little play in the January edition of *The Improvement Era*," writes Franc Rae Jennings, Glendale, California. "Having enjoyed it I passed it on to a teacher friend, Miss J. Beeler, who is directing a sixth grade unit in 'Western Movement' in the Burbank City schools. Miss Beeler tells me the play was successfully used in her class to demonstrate the 'mood and spirit' of the Utah phase of the 'Western Movement.' We both hope to find many such plays by Miss Hinckley in *The Improvement Era*. She has good technique and an unusual ability to express the gentle and good without sentimentality. If you wish to pass this on to her I should be glad to have her know our opinion."

INEZ HALL writing from Atchison, Kansas, in a letter to the assistant business manager of the magazine, among other things says: "The Christmas number was a most beautiful one. I read with much interest concerning the making of the unusual cover design. Now, since receiving my January number and viewing that perfect picture on the cover and noting the clever and unique way in which the contents have been arranged, and the wealth of material they contain, I can't help but thrill when I think of what the future numbers will present. Little wonder then that when I was asked concerning my choice of a Christmas gift, I instantly thought of an *Era* subscription, and I believe I treasure it most of all the gifts I received, as it will seem like twelve gifts instead of one. Really, I can hardly understand how you are able to publish such a high class magazine for only $2 per year for each sub. I have enjoyed hearing the *Era* complimented by non-Mormons among whom I work constantly and to whom I have at different times loaned the magazine because I feel that when any article has benefited me, it becomes my duty to pass it on to my fellowmen. * * * You have the assurance, indeed, of my satisfaction with the *Era*, and most heartily I wish you continued success, joy and happiness in your work, for I know it is a great one and one inspired by Our Heavenly Father.

"3044 Elliot Avenue,
"Minneapolis, Minnesota.
"April 5, 1934.

"Dear Editor:

THE enclosed so-called "verses' are sent to you, not with a hope of having them accepted for publication, but for criticism, constructive and frank, as to whether there is any merit, or hidden talent lurking among the lines.

"The written word, whether prose or lyric, fascinates me, fills me with longing to use it as the medium through which to escape the world of silence in which I have lived the past twenty-two years, since childhood. Teachers and friends have fired the ambition within me, to write, praising my efforts, but I am hesitant, fearing their praises are due, largely to surprise that one who is deaf can write—and so I shall greatly appreciate if you can spare some of your valuable time to answer this, to tell me frankly what your opinion is.

"The *Era* is a wonderful publication. It lifts my spirit up and out of the daily round, into the realm of beauty and intelligence, encourages and strengthens my ideals and hopes, renews my desire to live true to the fineness and greatness that is Mormonism. As Director of *Era* Subscription Campaign here, I am doing what I can to boost the magazine. Please accept my congratulations and best wishes for the successful continuation of the *Era* and your own fine work upon it.

"Sincerely and hopefully,
"Margaret E. Maslin."

ARE THESE STATEMENTS TRUE?

THE American Legion's lobby rightly claims the fatherhood of most of America's World War veterans' legislation. Due to their energy as lobbyists, the number of our World War pensioners increased by 886% between 1919 and 1929—but in every other country they showed a substantial decrease. *

"But in almost all of the schemes, the prime object of the lobby usually has been to add to the number of persons drawing pensions rather than to increase the awards to any class of individuals. A man drawing a $12 monthly disability allowance has one vote to deliver; if his allowance were doubled he would have no more. Spread the money, then, build up the voting machine; for in numbers lies power. * * *"

"Yet, year after year, the Legion's lobby publicly declare that they will continue the fight to wrest from the American people decent and proper care for the disabled.

"But what has this fight affected? Very little in material benefits for war-disabled men, for two reasons: First, the material relief which was long ago provided for actually war-disabled men was fairly generous. Second, our actually war-disabled men are so few that, from the politician's point of view, they are not worth wooing.

"Some of the worst injured and most deserving of our veterans, it appears, so little enjoy the stench that has gradually gathered about the American World War pension that they prefer not to acquire it." Katherine Mayo, "Widows and Orphans Last," *Herald Tribune Magazine*.

It may prove enlightening to read her "Soldiers, What Next?" Katherine Mayo is a vigorous writer, having produced the stirring book, "Mother India."

The question which confronts the American people is, were senators and congressmen wise when recently they overrode the veto of the President of the United States?

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